NEW YORK CLIPPER

Vol. V.—No. 49. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 1858. Four Cents.

BILL WILSON AND THE GHOST.

TERRIFC BATTLE IN THE GRAVE YARD.

'Bout two years ago, the people in Pineville was almost 'larmed out of their senses by a ghost what made its appearance every night in the grave-yard. The niggers seed it fust, and wimmin and children was 'fraid to go to bed in the dark for a month, and you couldn't git a nigger to go outside the door after dark not for all Georgy. It made a monstrous talk for mor'n ten miles round the settlement, and everybody was anxious to find out whose ghost it was, and what it wanted. Old Mr. Walker, what had been cheated out of all his property by the lawyers, hadn't been ded a great while, and as he was a monstrous curious old chap any how, the general opinion was that the old man had cum back for something.

Sammy Stonestreet seed it, and Bob Moreland seed it, and old Mrs. Curloo seed it when she was cumin' to town to her daughter Nancy, the night she had the baby, and they all gave the same account, the niggers did, 'bout its being dressed in white and talking to itself, and cryin, and walkin' about among the toom stones. Bob Moreland sed he heard it sneeze two or three times, jest as natural as any human, and cry ever so pitiful.

A good many of the boys sed they was gwine to watch for it sum night and speak to it, but sumhow ther hearts always failed 'em 'bout dark, and nobody didn't go.

One day Bill Wilson cum to town, and was 'bout half corned down to Mr. Harley's store, when they got to banterin him 'bout the ghost.

"Ding'd if I don't see who it is," ses Bill; "I aint afraid of no ghost that ever walked of nights."

With that some of 'em offered to bet him five dollars that he dasent go inside of the graveyard alone after dark.

"Dun," ses Bill, "plank up yer money. But I'm to go jest as I've a mind to."

"Yes," says the boys.

"And shoot the ghost if I see it?" says he.

"To be sure."

"And I'm to have a bottle of old Jimmaky to keep me company?"

"Yes," ses all of them.

"Agreed," says Bill. "Put up the stakes in Mr. Harley's hand."

The money was staked and the bisness all fixed in no time.

"Now," ses Bill, "give me a pair of pistols, and let me load 'em myself, and I'll show you whether I am afraid of ghosts."

Captain Skinner's big horse pistols was sent for, and Bill loaded one of 'em up to the muzzle, and after getting a bottle of licker in his pocket, and takin' two or three more borns to raise his courage, he waited till it was dark. Everybody in town was wide awake to see how the thing would turn out, and sum of the wimmin was monstrous consarned for Bill, for fear he'd git carried off by the ghost shure enuff.

Jest about dark Bill set out for the graveyard, with a whole heap of fellers, who went to see him to the gate.

"Look out now, Bill—you know that ghosts is monstrous dangerous things," said the boys as they was about leaving him.

"Never you mind," ses Bill. "But remember, I'm to shoot——."

"Yes," ses all of 'em.

Bill marched into the middle of the graveyard singin "Shiny Nights" as loud as he could, but monstrous out of tune, and tuck a seat on one of the grave stones.

The graveyard in Pineville stands on the side of a hill 'bout a quarter of a mile from town. The fence is a monstrous high post and rail fence, and the lot is a tolerable big one, extendin a good ways down in the holler, on t'other side, whar thar is a pine thicket of about an acre whar thar aint no graves.

The night was pretty dark, and Bill thought it was very cold; so he kep takin drinks every now and then to keep himself warm, and singin all the songs and sam tunes he know'd to keep awake. Sometimes he thought he heard something, and then his hair would sort o' crawl up, and he would grab hold of his pistols, what he held cocked in his lap; but it was so dark he couldn't see nothin ten steps off. Two or three times he felt like backin out, but he know'd that wouldn't never do; so he'd take another drink and strike up another tune. Bimeby he got so sleepy that he couldn't tell whether he was singing "Lucy Neal" or "The Promised Land," and bimeby he only sung a word here and there 'thout being very partickular what song it belonged to.

He was so bominable sleepy and corned together, that he couldn't keep awake and in spite of his fears he began to nod a little.

Just then something sneezed.

"Ugh!" ses Bill, "what's that."

But he soon cum to the conclusion that he must have been sneezing in his sleep, and after seein that his pistol was safe and takin another drink he was soon in the land of Ned agin.

Bout this time old Mr. Jenkins' gang of gotes cum out of the thicket whar they had cum thro the gap in the fence, and with old white Belshazer in the lead, cum smellin bout whar Bill was watching for the ghost.

Old Belshazer is one of the oudaciones old rascals to but in all Georgy, and sein Bill setin thar all alone by himself, he goes up and smells at him. Bill nodded to him in his sleep. Old Belshazer stepped back a little ways, and Bill nodded agin. The old feller tuck it for a banter shure enuff, and back he went a few steps, and raising up on his h'nd legs a little he tuck deliberate aim and sprang; he tuck Bill right atween the eyes, nocking him and his pistol both off at the same time.

Bang goes the pistol, roaring out on the still night air like a young five-pounder, so everybody heard it, and the next minit you might have hearn Bill holler murder! murder! Lord preserve me! for more than a mile.

The whole town was out of bed in a minit and everybody that could go was out to the graveyard as quick as they could git thar.

Thar was Bill Wilson, layin sprawled out on the ground, with his eyes bunged up so that he couldn't tell daylight from dark.

The gotes were scared as bad as he was at the pistol, and was gone 'fore he fairly touched the ground; and Bob Moreland and Tom Stallins what had gone out thar to scare Bill, and had seed his encounter with old Belshazer, was standing by him rapped up in their white sheets, laughing like they would bust their sides.

Bill swore that he was wide awake, and that when the ghost cum up to him, he tuck a fair crack at it, when all at once he was struck with a clap of thunder and lightnin'.

Bob Moreland tried to explain it to him, but it was all no use. He swore the ghost was six foot high, and that he seed the lightnin' jest as plain as he ever seed lightnin' in his life.

Bill claimed the stakes, and everybody sed he ought to have the money. But you may depend he wouldn't have another such ghost night for all the money in Georgy. The fence was mended whar it was broke in the thicket, and thar was never any more ghosts seed in that graveyard since.

A CATEGORICAL AFFAIR.

A YOUTH, long, slab sided, with tremendous feet, encased in a pair of horse hide trunks, red with age and hard usage, by some miraculous means not mentioned in Revelations, found his way to the Quaker City, and, pursuant to a resolve he had made before leaving his sorrowing "dad and mam," engaged himself as a "green hand" on board a merchant vessel bound for Rio-something-or-other in South America.

After the vessel had been at sea a few days, Greeny got into trouble. The mate gruffly desired him to go aloft.

"Can't deu it," was the reply.

"You lubber, do as I order you."

"Can't deu it, Squire; ef I was to climb up half one of them there poles, dodrotted ef I wouldn't git as dizzy-headed as a boiler hummin' top. Do anything to accomodate, squire, but can't go up there no heow."

"You mutinous scoundrel," bawled the exasperated mate, if you don't start, I'll give you a touch of the cat on your bare back."

"Wall, afore you go to puttin' her on my back, jest draw out her claws. Don't mind the cat, you know; it's the scratchin' I keer for."

The mate evaporated. Greeny went below and played old sledge with the cook, using for a table an inverted dish-pan.

PIGEON SHOOTING CELEBRITIES.—NO. 1.

JAMES TURNER.

THE above engraving is a very fair likeness of Mr. James Turner, who carried off the first prize in the recent Pigeon Shooting Tournament, held on the meadows near Hoboken, opposite this city. Mr. Turner was born at Berkhall, in the parish of Holywood, Dumfrieshire, Scotland, on the 29th of March, 1831. For his abilities in the use of the trigger, our readers have only to refer to files of the CLIPPER during the past year, wherein will be found duly recorded many events in which he shone conspicuously. Our next issue will contain an engraving of John Cornell.

JOHN CHINAMAN AND THE YANKEE.

A SAN FRANCISCO paper relates the following incident, as having occurred at a shoe store lately in that city. The parties concerned were the proprietor of the store and a John Chinaman Examining a pair of boots, the price of which was $5, John inquired—

"How muchee you axee for um bootee?"

In a spirit of waggery, it is presumable, the owner replied—

"Two dollars and a halfee, John. Very cheap bootee, aintee?"

"Cheap bootee," said John, who there-upon examined a pair, and concluded to buy, offering a quarter eagle.

"But," said the dealer in leather, "this is only enough for one boot. They are 2½ apiece—two boots cost $5."

John was somewhat astonished—said he would not buy—and demanded the return of his money, but the man of leather was inexorable.

"No, John," said the latter, "you have got one boot, and paid me for it. Now give me another piece just like this, and take the other one."

John saw the drift of the game and was at once resolved.

"Well," said he, "this bootee be mine, may be—I paid for um?"

"Yes," said the dealer.

"And you no give me the other bootee?" asked John.

"Not without the money," said the other.

"Well," said John, I do with um bootee what I like—I cuttee um up."

And there-upon John whipped out a knife, cut the boot to pieces, and threw it into the street, exclaiming as he departed—

"That um my bootee—that other be your bootee; you sell um to next fool Chinaman, what come along."

At last accounts the Yankee boot dealer was looking for the man with the wooden leg, to whom he might sell the odd boot, and thus save expenses.

GOOD HITS.

PARKE BENJAMIN, in his poem on "Hard Times," which he recently delivered at St. Louis, make the following capital hits:

GO IT WHILE YOU'RE YOUNG.

Americans are much renowned for phrases, said or sung,
And the earliest thing to children taught is "Go it while you're young."
A mandate which they all obey and if the truth were told,
The vast majority keep on and go it when they're old.

LET ER RIP.

Another phrase which often glides in music from the lip,
Is one of fine significance and beauty, "Let'er rip."
In the late panic we have kept this mandate o'er and o'er,
And let her rip so frequently, that some can rip no more.

MR. RAREY, THE HORSE TAMER.

THE following letter has been addressed to Messrs. Tattersall by Mr. J. H. Langworthy, veterinary surgeon to her Majesty:—

THE ROYAL MEWS, PIMLICO, Feb. 2, 1858.

Having been made acquainted by Mr. Rarey with his method of subjugating and training the horse, and having witnessed the entire subjugation of four powerful and irritable horses belonging to the Royal Stables, each near seventeen hands high, I am enabled to certify that neither stupefaction by inhalation, nor narcotic, nor any mesmeric influences were restored to; the means used being knowledge skilfully applied; the result, perfect control over the animal.

I have also seen the more advanced state of Mr. Rarey's system. It was exhibited on a black horse who had gained for himself the unenviable distinction of being a "vicious brute;" now, certainly, a rare specimen of obedience and submission; indeed, if one could attempt to analyse his feelings, you would imagine he felt his sagacity had been appealed to, and he found it expedient to respond to the appeal. He felt he was conquered, and resistance useless; but, more than all, he felt and knew he had not been injured—hence the fondness, the docility, and, I might almost say an evident desire to please and be instructed by his very able tutor.

Believing the first step towards education is the submission of your pupil, whether biped or quadruped, and Mr. Rarey's method is so excellent and so applicable for gaining that step with young horses, I think were it known and adopted, the annoyance of a restive and irritable horse would be seldom met with.

Signed J. H. LANGWORTHY, V. S. H. M.

A CHALLENGE FOR MR. RAREY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ERA—*Sir*: Your readiness to devote your columns to all matters connected with that noble and sagacious animal the horse, induces me to request the favor of an insertion therein of a few remarks in reference to Mr. Rarey's late feats of horse training, which have been pictorially presented to the world, and gone the general round of the newspapers.

Without trespassing upon your space by introductory observations, I would premise that I do not question the power over strange horses which Mr. Rarey may possess—the fact is undisputed, but the means employed to effect his object are not apparent. This is the point to be demonstrated. What is the course of procedure? A gentleman, professing extraordinary influence over the horse, shuts himself in with it alone, and in an almost incredible time acquires an ascendancy over the animal, directing, managing, and controlling its movements at his will. Now, the question which naturally arises is, does the horse continue in that perfect state of tameness and subjection which has been so suddenly produced? I opine not, and with all deference to Mr. Rarey, beg to say that I am prepared to tame, and train legitimately and permanently, any strange horse, either with him or any man, English or American, who will enter into the contest in a fair and open manner. For example, let Mr. Rarey and myself each bring forward a horse. He shall take mine, and I will take his horse, and after a trial of our skill, let some competent person, at a given time, judge between us.

Permit me, Sir, in conclusion, to state that no pompous bravado has tempted me to enter the lists, but a well-assured and firm conviction of my ability in the art of horse-breaking. You will, perhaps, admit that I am entitled to consideration when I state that the celebrated horse Brunette, which appeared at Drury-lane Theatre with so much success, and Copenhagen (late the property of W. Cooke, Esq., of Astley's), were trained by me, and I can now from my present stud produce several specimens of my proficiency. Without designing to detract from Mr. Rarey's abilities, I contend that others are equally deserving public patronage and eulogy, and remain, Sir, yours faithfully, JAMES NEWSOME.

Cirque Napoleon, Plymouth.

BLOWING UP THE WRONG MAN.

A FRIEND mentioned to us the other evening, that while sitting at an inn in Baltimore, in the State of Maryland, one day when he was on his way to Washington, the National Capital, he was much struck by the singular appearance of an old Guinea negro, "black as the ace of spades," who was attending to some menial duty in the travellers' room. His face was scarred and seamed, his legs were dreadfully awry, and his hands seemed almost turned wrong side outward, and in form and color resembled, more than anything else, the paws of a wild animal or the hands of an ourang outang. Our informant inquired of Pompey what had occasioned these deformities.

"Wal, dey is beformities, massa, dat's fac. Wal, den, I'll tell you how dey come, massa. Good many years ago, I was in lub with a handsome black gal, and we was same as married; and one day I see a nigger comin' out o' the house. I knew dat man, an' uf I am a nigger I had my feelin's. I was full ob de debbil in my heart agin him, cos I know'd him, and I know'd whar he worked—e'yah! e'yah! He worked in a powder mill; and next day I went up dar. I went to the door and looked in, an dar I see him; an I took a coal of fire dat I had brought along, and frowed it on to de floor. Grod gwacious, massa, 'fore I could get away myse'f, dere was de biggest flash of lightin' I eber see, and dat was de last I know'd anyting 'bout dat bisness for two months. 'Twould a been all right, dough, but the man 'twas dar was not de nigger I tought! He's a dead nigger hisself, dough, long ago; and was glad ob it when he went, 'cos he always looked at me as if he'd got de best ob it, massa, dat's fac; for I wasn't de hansumest nigger den dat dar was in Maryland—dat's sartin sure. E'yah! e'yah!"

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1858.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ARAB, Savannah, Geo.—*Euchre.*—"Please oblige a subscriber by deciding the following:—A, B, C, and D are playing a four-handed game. A deals the cards, and they all pass to him; he takes it up; D, his opponent, who is sitting on his right, wishes to play it alone against A, after he has taken it up of his own accord. Is D allowed that privilege, and if he is, how many can A take if he makes his three tricks?" D may play alone if he thinks by so doing he can the more easily euchre his opponent, but in the event of his taking all the tricks he can score but two points for euchre. In the event of A winning three tricks, he (A) can score only one point.

C. M. S., Louisville.—"Please give the quickest time made by Nicholas I., at what time and place, and with what horse he was contending." His best time in one mile heats was 1:48¾, at Petersburg, Va., May 13th, 1856, beating Sue Washington, Shocco, Toler, &c. In two miles heats, 3:43¾, in 1857, being beaten in the two succeeding heats of the race by Sue Washington and Charleston. In three mile heats, at Augusta, Ga., Feb. 26th, 1857, in 5:46¼, beating Marksman and Adelgisa. In four mile heats, in 7:39, on Fashion Course, L. I., June 17th, 1857, beating Sue Washington and Lucy Phillips.

EXPRESS.—"Two persons are playing at cribbage. A wants 17 to go out. He holds 12 in hand and 4 in crib, being still one point short. He taves out both his pegs and claims the game. B objects to this and claims it himself. Who wins?" It is expressly stated in the laws of the game that he who scores a game as won that he has not won, forfeits it. B therefore wins.

G. G., Philadelphia.—"1. In what year was the steamship Mississippi launched, and where built? 2. State the month and year of the loss of the steamship President." 1. The Mississippi was built at Philadelphia, and launched in 1841. 2. The President last left New York for Liverpool, on the 11th of March, 1841; she encountered a terrific storm two days afterward, and has never since been heard of.

AMATEUR, West Chester, Pa.—1. Pierce, the Game Chicken, was five feet nine inches in height, and his fighting weight was 175 lbs. 2. Cribb's height according to the best authorities which have come under our notice, was five feet, ten and a half inches, and his weight 199 lbs. 3 Why those two eminent "pugs" never came together, we are unable to state.

FACTOTUM, Philadelphia.—It is really true that Orville Gardner has embraced religion and joined the church. He spoke in public, at a meeting held in the John Street Methodist Church, in this city, on the 19th inst. Mr. Wm. Harrington, better known in pugilistic circles as "Boss" Harrington, is also said to have "turned from the error of his ways," and joined the church.

READER, Detroit.—"A and B are playing "Old Sledge," or Seven-up—A has the deal, and six points scored; B has five points scored, and stands his hand; he plays Jack, upon which A plays the five spot. Now, which has the game, Jack being high, and the five spot low?" A wins—low being scored before Jack. The cards win in this order: high, low, Jack, game.

FRANKFORT STREET.—"Please decide a bet by stating whether Lola Montez ever appeared at the Bowery Theatre, in the character known as Lola Montez in Bavaria?" Yes, she performed in that piece at the Bowery about six years since, but after she had played in the same piece at the Broadway Theatre; her engagement at the Bowery lasted two weeks.

J. F. C.—"Please decide a bet by stating the number of prize battles in which George Nichols (the only man who ever beat Tom Cribb) was engaged as a principal." Boxiana says—"it is supposed that Nichols fought upwards of fifty battles," and in that work a brief report of twenty-five of these is given, with the names of his competitors.

J. W. W., Lockport.—1. The price of McGowan's Narrative is 50 cents. J. F. Feeks, 18 Ann street, is the agent. 2. The person who recently challenged Coburn is a novice, whose name has not been made public.

TIVOLI.—1. We had two elections, one in November, and the other in December; if our memory serves us right, there was no rain on the first day, while there was on the second. 2. When three are playing, each can look at his cards as they are dealt to him.

PRIMO BUFFO.—Jemmy Massey fought and beat both Norley and Enoch Horridge—his fight with Norley took place at Greenhithe, April 18, 1847, for £100 a side; that with Horridge was decided at Woodhead, June 16, 1846, for £50 a side.

LETTERS FROM ENGLAND.—We have received a letter from Manchester, for John Sweetman, and another for Charles Dowd, from Liverpool. This is the second notice we have given Sweetman; his letter is in a mourning envelope.

EXCELSIOR, Albany.—Thanks for the honor conferred upon us; please make known the same to the members of your club at your next meeting. Will endeavor to obtain the laws for you without money and without price Send us your address.

J. F. BURGESS, Clinton.—"Felix on the Bat," we think can be obtained for $3; will inquire further and let you know. We can forward the "Manual" for 50 cents. The pamphlet referred to, we will endeavor to procure for you without charge.

UNION, Cincinnati.—We have as you will observe made use of the items sent; space would not admit of our giving them *in extenso*. That is right, keep us posted, please.

FELIX O'CALLAGHAN, Cincinnatti.—See answer to Union. We are glad to hear of the success of the fraternity in your city. Keep the ball rolling.

A. B.—"Which did Sullivan second, Lilly or McCoy, in their fight some years since?" Neither—Sullivan was in Lilly's corner, and gave him the benefit of his advice, but he was not an actual second.

J. J. R., Boston.—1. The best jig dancers of the present day, in our opinion, are Dick Sliter, Mickey Warren, and Joe Brown. 2. John Diamond was looked upon as champion dancer in his best days.

C. E. SMITH, Providence.—A misdeal in All-Fours does not subject the dealer to loss of deal, as it may, in some instances, be an advantage to him to lose the deal.

L. N. S., New Windsor, Md.—Keep your money—it is a fraudulent concern, and the parties have been arrested since your letter was received.

SEGARS, Portsmouth, Va.—*All Fours.*—"A and B are playing seven-up—A deals; B begs; A says will you bunch them? B replies no. Has A then the privilege of giving one?" Yes.

ALPHA, Philad'a.—1. Concerning the foils and gloves, call on P. Healy & Co., No. 50 Walnut street. 1. We know of no competent one at present. 3. One dollar will pay for "Fistiana," including postage.

UNIONVILLE.—We do not know what the laws are in regard to taxation in your State. Property, however, is subject to taxation in the case referred to.

J. L. M., Dearborn, Mich.—There are no pictures of Sullivan and Randall to be had at present.

W. R., Kingston Road, Toronto.—Have forwarded you a copy of the New York Articles.

NAQUET.—Mr. Howe appeared in the character of Jack Sheppard, during his management at the Bowery.

VAN VECKTAN CLUB, Albany.—If we can procure the rules, they will be forwarded to you. At present we have not a copy.

W. P., East Gwilliamsburgh, C. W.—We have not a file of the paper so far back. Have sent you the Nos. wanted.

J. H. H., Frankfort, Ky.—The papers have been sent regularly. If we use the article referred to, we will apprise you of the fact.

WM. HARNOUGH, Boston.—The Savannah was the first steamer that crossed the Atlantic, and was 26 days in making the passage.

NED JAMES.—Your timely and well written communication will appear in our next.

TREASURER.—There is no work that we are aware of, specially treating upon book-keeping of a theatre.

DROPSOCKET, Philadelphia.—A correspondent would like to have your address, if it is agreeable to you to furnish it.

BILL TINNEY, Trenton.—If you make a match, let us know.

A FRIEND, Boston.—Chess is a more scientific game than Draughts.

J. B., Albany.—See answer to Factotum.

AMATEUR.—Edwin Forrest was born in the city of Philadelphia.

BUCHANAN.—Exercise will not bring about the desired end.

J. R., Boston.—In our next.

HAND BALL.—GAMES IN PHILADELPHIA.—The match at Hand Ball, for $100, announced in the CLIPPER of the 13th, came off at the Ball Court of Mr. McDonough, South Sixth street, Philadelphia, on the 15th, according to announcement. The result was as follows:

First game—won by	Cummins and Son		21 to 18
Second do	do	McDonough and Nephew	21 to 18
Third do	do	do	21 to 13
Fourth do	do	Cummins and Son	21 to 17
Fifth do	do	do	21 to 18

Messrs. Cummins and Son winning the match.

At the conclusion of this, a match was played by Mr. Charles Seigman, and two other well-known players, for the same amount, which resulted in the victory of Seigman, after five well-contested games.

A COZY SPOT.—Friend Farrish, the attentive host of "The Pacific," No. 489 Washington street, has a snug and cozy hostelrie wherein to receive and accommodate his many patrons. Jim is one of the right sort of sporting gentleman, and is ever ready to take a hand in anything that may offer for the entertainment of his guests. If you wish a glass of ale as *is* ale, Jim can draw it for you. His house is convenient to the Screw-line of steamships, and those seeing off, or welcoming home, their friends, would do well to give Jim a call, and taste of his cheer. The various foreign and home papers always on hand for public inspection.

THE BLOODY DRAMA.

ANOTHER CHAPTER IN THE POOLE MURDER.

DEATH OF THE INSTIGATOR OF THAT DEED.

PATRICK MCLAUGHLIN, better known as "Paudeen," died at the New York Hospital on Monday morning last, of a pistol shot wound received at the hands of Daniel Cunningham, more generally called Dad Cunningham. We have given in another part of this sheet the particulars of the affray that led to this fatal result, gathered from the statements of Cunningham, and those who witnessed the occurrence. Were it not that an erroneous opinion has gone forth that the parties to this tragedy were pugilists, or prize fighters, we would not, probably, devote so much space to the subject; but the press, as is the custom when a bar-room fight takes place, having asserted that the parties directly implicated in the fight, together with their associates, are all members of the pugilistic fraternity, or exponents of the manly art of self defence, we may be pardoned for entering our protest against this false statement.

The death of Paudeen is but another chapter in the feud which has been existing between certain factions in this city for years past, and which, by this last act, threatens to become still farther complicated and extended. Previous to the death of Poole these factions had been at loggerheads for a length of time, and although until that period no fatal results attended the warfare in which these parties engaged, yet many serious collisions occurred which, but for the interference of some of the more peaceably disposed of the opposite factions, threatened the most bloody and deadly results. Of the more prominent men who have been named in connection with these hostile meetings, we find the names of Tom Hyer, Bill Poole, John Morrissey, Johnny Lyng, Lewis Baker, Jim Irvin, Charley Lozier, Cy. Shay, Jim Turner, Pat. McLaughlin, etc. Of these Hyer and Morrissey are the only ones who can come under the head of prize fighters; and in those meetings which have resulted in fatal consequences, neither one of these was directly engaged. Poole, who at the time of the event which terminated in his death, was termed a prize fighter, never entered the prize ring, nor was he ever engaged in a battle governed by the rules of the prize ring; he was what is called a rough-and-tumble fighter, a species of battle not recognised in pugilistic circles, and never indulged in by ring fighters, or those who pride themselves in a knowledge of the science of manual defence.

It is unnecessary to revert to the many hostile meetings of a serious character which ensued whenever the two crowds referred to came together; suffice it to say, that the first fatal chapter in the drama being enacted by these opposing forces, took place on the memorable night of February 24-25, 1855, when the cowardly attack was made upon Poole at Stanwix Hall, in Broadway. With the particulars of that assault, and its results, our readers were made fully acquainted at the time. Paudeen, who died on Monday last, was the first to open the ball on that fatal night at Stanwix Hall; he it was that taunted and spat upon Poole, and did everything unmanly to draw him into a rupture, and which eventuated in a miniature battle, Turner leading in the attack, and Baker, and others following in his wake; in that affray, Poole received the wound which ended in his death after two weeks suffering; the parties at once fled, but Turner and Paudeen were soon after arrested, and placed in the Tombs; Baker was hunted down like a wild beast, and, although eluding the vigilance of his pursuers for a time, he was at length captured at the Canary Islands, whither he had fled, and brought back in the famous clipper Grapeshot; after a lapse of time, however, the prosecution failing to get a verdict in the several trials of Baker, the main actors in the killing of Poole were discharged from custody, and in a little while all recollection of the Stanwix Hall affair was buried in the past, and its solitary victim forgotten and left to moulder away beneath the green turf in the City of the Dead. We merely refer to these matters now, in consequence of some of the actors in that affair having been named in connection with the affray of last Saturday morning. The quarrel between Paudeen, like that between Poole and Baker, is said to have originated in a reference to John Morrissey, although on neither occasion was that individual present, and probably knew nothing of the disturbances until they were over. At the Stanwix Hall affair, Paudeen was a *friend* and adherent of Morrissey's; at the Munroe Hall disturbance, his *enmity* to Morrissey seems to have been the cause of the occurrence so fatal to himself. What caused this change in Paudeen's feelings towards his former friend Morrissey, we cannot, of our own positive knowledge, say; but we have been informed that Paudeen's conduct of late so disgusted Morrissey that he has repeatedly taken occasion to express himself to that effect to Paudeen, and this probably led to a separation. The terrible end of McLaughlin was brought about by his own quarrelsome disposition, and in consequence thereof his death meets with but few regrets, and these chiefly from his every day companions, upon whom his sudden taking off has created feelings of an ominous character.

Since the night of the fatal occurrence the city has been in a great state of excitement, and up to the time that Paudeen breathed his last, surmises concerning the probability of his recovering, etc., were in almost everybody's mouth; when his death was announced, the excitement increased, although the result had been foreshadowed from the first. The death he was instrumental in bringing upon the lamented Poole, has terminated in closing his own earthly accounts upon this earth. Shall this be the end of the tragedy, or shall the anticipations of revenge for Paudeen's death be realized in the future, and others help to swell the catalogue of victims to the warfare of the "Fancy" factions? It is time that the hostilities existing between the two factions to this quarrel were brought to a close, if not for their own welfare, at least for the good of the community. Let us hope we have seen the end of this bar-room fighting.

EXTRAORDINARY WALKING.—On the 13th February, at Newmarket, Eng., Charles Westhall, a noted pedestrian, performed the extraordinary feat of walking *twenty-one miles in two hours, fifty-nine minutes, and one second.* A full report, crowded out this week, will appear in our next.

SPORTING IN THE OLD WORLD AND THE NEW.—A suggestive communication on this subject, from "Ned James," a correspondent who takes a lively interest in general sporting matters for the "mere love of the thing," will appear in our next issue. Our columns are always open to those who have anything to offer for the advancement of any or all of those varieties of sport with which we are now beginning to become familiar. The season is now about opening when field and aquatic sports will engage the attention of the sporting world, and suggestions on these subjects will be doubly valuable at the present time.

AN EXTRAORDINARY RUMOR.—It is stated that Horace Greeley is among the late converts by the religious revivals. Now none would rejoice more in the truth of this statement than ourselves, but we don't believe a word of it, for Horace could not remain awake long enough in a meeting house to make the necessary effort to bring about such a desirable result. We *know* Orville Gardner has been converted, and it may be true also of Boss Harrington, but we cannot believe in the rumored conversion of the white-coated philosopher. This *would* be carrying the war into Africa.

THE BENICIA BOY IN BOSTON.—By reference to our sparring department, it will be seen that the benefit of the Benicia Boy, in Boston, was the most complete success ever achieved by any boxer in that city. A gentlemanly deportment, and real merit, both of which qualities our young Californian friend never fails to exhibit, are sufficient to account for this success. To Mr. David Blanchard much credit is due for the part he took in arranging and bringing to such a favorable issue the Benicia Boy's first exhibition in Boston.

SARTAROE.—This is the title of a Norwegian tale, by James Maitland, just published by T. B. Peterson & Co., Philadelphia. We have given the book an attentive perusal, and have no hesitation in pronouncing it a work of decided merit; a story that enchains the attention, and which, once enlisted in, draws the reader on gradually, the interest increasing with each succeeding chapter, until the climax is reached, when the full force of the many beauties of this clever work bursts upon us. The author's description of the scenery of Norway is indeed beautiful. E. D. Long, is the publisher's agent in New York.

TRAVIS'S ORANGE FEAT—ARREST OF THE PARTIES.—Our readers have been made aware through the CLIPPER that Mr. John Travis, the great pistol shot, had been matched to shoot an orange off the head, and also one off each hand of a boy to be produced by him, the feat to take place in June next, in Louisville, Ky. The dangerous nature of such a performance awakened the authorities of Louisville, and they arrested the parties to the proposed feat, and put an end to the match.

THE TRIGGER.

PIGEON SHOOTING MATCH.—The match for $50 a side, which we announced last week, between Mr. Robinson of New York and Mr. John Taylor of Jersey City, came off on Monday last at Mr. Oscar Sanford's, Half-way House, between Jersey City and Newark. The conditions of the match were, to shoot at 21 birds each, spring trap, unlimited shot, out of double guns; Mr. Taylor standing 21 yards, and Mr. Robinson 18 yards from the trap. The betting at the commencement was 6 to 5 on Mr. Taylor, but the subjoined score shows that he was completely outshot by his opponent, who killed his birds in splendid style; his shooting creating general admiration among the spectators.

Mr. Robinson.....211111101111101101111—17 out of 20
Mr. Taylor.....010111111111101111100—15 out of 20

During the progress of the match, at the 12th bird, Mr. Taylor, finding the chances of winning decidedly against him, resorted to a most unsportsmanlike expedient in trapping his bird, which reflects great discredit upon him as a fair, honorable pigeon shooter. He placed in the spring trap two birds, one of them a dead one, for his opponent to shoot at, expecting by this ruse to distract the aim of Mr. Robinson, though fortunately without success, as that gentleman killed his bird. Mr. Taylor, in this action, overreached himself, as Mr. R. *was entitled to score both birds*; the conditions of the match obliging him to gather 21 dead birds within bounds, and consequently, if it had come to a tie on the 20th bird, Mr. Robinson could have, claimed the dead bird put into the trap as his 21st bird and *scored it as a dead bird.* We noticed a few weeks ago a similar instance in one of the London sporting journals, in which case the decision was, that the party thus *trapping foul*, loses the match. Fortunately, in this case, there was no necessity for putting in this claim, as the match was won by superior shooting on the 20th bird, Mr. Taylor being then two birds behind his opponent, of course being unable to make a tie of it. We hope, however, we shall not again see, in any pigeon shooting matches, such unfair and unsportsmanlike arts resorted to in order to win.

PIGEON SHOOTING MATCHES.—Two matches have been made and arranged to come off on Friday, the 26th inst., at Ward's Hotel, on the Coney Island plank road, L. I. The first is between two well-known shots, Messrs. Hartshorn and Osmun, of Brooklyn, for $25 a side, at 12 birds each, double rises, 1¼ oz. shot, 18 yards rise, and 80 boundary. The second is between Mr. Osmun and Mr. Robinson, of New York, for $50 a side, at 21 birds each, 1¼ oz. shot, 21 yards rise, and 80 yards boundary. In fine weather a more favorable locality, or one better adapted for pigeon shooting matches, cannot easily be found, as the distance from the city prevents the attendance of those characters whose absence on such occasions is generally so desirable. The mode of access is by the Greenwood railway cars from Fulton and Hamilton Avenue ferries, to 18th street, and thence walking over the hill to Ward's Castle. There will be a good supply of birds on hand for subsequent match and sweepstake shooting.

PIGEON SHOOTING.—On Monday next there will be a gold watch shot for by subscription at Mr. Ball's Sportsman's Hall, Ninth street and Third Avenue, Brooklyn. A good supply of birds for sweepstakes and matches will be on hand.

THAT RIFLE SHOOTING.—Pittsburgh, March 22, 1858.—FRIEND CLIPPER: I noticed in your paper of the 20th inst., a diagram of rifle shooting, performed by Mr. H. P. Minot, at Fitchburgh, Massachusetts. He says he can prove the shooting to have been done, of which I have no doubt. Please to ask him, through your paper, the following questions, for the benefit of your readers: Was the shooting done off hand, or off a rest? and if off a rest, what kind of a one? and was it done in the open field, where the wind had a fair sweep at the balls on their journey from the gun to the target? or was it shot where the wind was shaded from the balls (say, for instance along a fence or a ditch?) whether they were long balls or round ones? and, if long ones, what length were they? I noticed by the print of the ball in your paper, that they measure ¼ and 16-100ths of an inch across the butt; and what kind of sights were on the gun? common open sights, globe sights, or telescope sights? He says the gun weighs 25lbs. What length is she in the barrel? and what kind of powder did he use? We have some shooters in the West that read the CLIPPER, who are anxious to hear of any reform in the way of shooting. He says that G. H. Ferris is the rifler of the barrel, and I count that the principal part of the gun. I have one gun of Jones & Ferris' make, of Utica, New York, and one of Joseph Craig's, of Pittsburgh, that I think cannot be beat for good shooting.

Yours, R. WATSON.

THE RING.

A GLOVE MATCH

BETWEEN CHARLEY HOLMES AND R. E. FISK.

Lafayette, Ind., March 16, 1858.

FRANK QUEEN—*Dear Sir:* Since the CLIPPER has last heard from us, we have had a glove battle in the "Star City," between Charley Holmes and Robert Emmet Fisk, otherwise the Star. The battle came off at Ball's Hall, on last Saturday night, and was witnessed by over two hundred spectators. Both men are classed among the light weights—Holmes weighing 154lbs., and the Star 160lbs. The latter is a mere novice, while Holmes is a regular prize fighter, being the conqueror of Jack Cops, as you are aware. The Star is a new member of the "'Star City' Sparring Club." It is only about five weeks since he had on the mits for the first time. Taking into consideration that he has not had a full course in the "art of self-defence," he has done nobly, and the expectations of his friends have been realized. Holmes was seconded by Timmons and Maloney, and the Star, by Danziger and Florer. Mr. Porter acted as referee; Messrs Hannum and Bates as judges; and Billy Carroll as timekeeper. The preliminaries being arranged, Holmes shied his castor into the ring and followed it. The Star stepped after him. The usual ceremony of the principals and their seconds shaking hands was then gone through with, and a few minutes after, the call of time brought the men to the scratch.

THE BATTLE.

Round 1. Both men came to the scratch smiling. The attitude of the men was not very artistic, but their "trotters" gave evidence that there was enough of elasticity and strength in them to regain position in the event of a staggering blow. They eyed each other for a moment, and then Holmes commenced "bobin' 'round" for an opening. At length the Star's left mawley was brought to within an inch of the smeller of Holmes, who feinted with the right and got well home with the left on the Star's "kissing trap"—the latter countered, and would have visited Holmes' "dial" had he not been denied by the latter retreating. The Star "went in" and sounded the "snuffing apparatus" of Holmes in an elegant manner; but was countered slightly on the right peeper, and a right-hander was introduced to the Star's "breadbasket." They clinched and Holmes was thrown.

2. On time being called, the men promptly toed the scratch. They had evidently made up their minds for mischief. After short sparring, Holmes succeeded in planting his left on the Star's "potato-trap," and the right on his ribs, but received an ugly counter hit for his pains on his "hearing pan." A spirited but short rally ensued, when they clinched, and the Star and Holmes went down side by side.

3. No time was lost in commencing business. The frontispiece of Holmes received three successive visitations, when he countered and went down.

4. A rattling round—the Star's "kissing trap" received a sweet "nit," and an upper-cut was avoided by a dodge. The left peeper of Holmes received a stinger, and his "snuff-box" a slight touch, and the Star threw him a beautiful cross-buttock.

5. The Star led in this round and planted a one two on Holmes' dial, but Holmes would not be denied a return, and he planted a stinging blow on the Star's neck, which might have staggered him had he been of that kind. They got into close quarters, when Holmes gave several ugly upper-cuts. Holmes received one on the brain-pan and went down. [This was claimed by the Star's friends as a fair knock-down blow.]

6. The "physima-*hog* any" of the men at this juncture exhibited various contusions. The Star's "kissing trap," in this round, received a "smack" that made it "luscious" looking. Holmes' "claret funnel" caught a nasty right counter and his "knowledge box" an open left hander. They fibbed to the seats, when Holmes' "pimple" got under the Star's wing; but getting among the audience, they were obliged to end the round.

From the 6th to the 19th round, the fight was similar to the first six rounds, but in the twentieth they pitched in with a savageness that alarmed the more timid of the spectators. There was no judgment displayed, and give and take was the order of the round. They clinched and fibbed one another against the seats, when the Star threw Holmes a back fall, and going down with him, struck him twice while down. This was, of course "foul," and the fight was decided in favor of Holmes. The battle lasted 55 minutes. Time—half minute.

Previous to making the match with the Star, Holmes and Conley gave an exhibition at Melodeon Hall, which was only tolerably attended. Holmes' mode of sparring, if it may be called that, is much deprecated by the "Star City" sparrers. It is asserted that he strikes his adversary with the un-padded side of the glove, which I have no doubt he does, as I have seen several scratched faces of persons who have sparred with him. Conley is well liked as a neat sparrer. Yours, WABASH.

REPLY TO SWEETMAN.—London, C. W., March 13, 1858.—EDITOR CLIPPER—*Dear Sir:* In your last issue I observed Sweetman's answer to my challenge, and would like to reply through your columns. In the first place, he says I knew he was under the doctor's care when he left here. Now, when he left this place he was as well as he ever was in his life—as far as his eye was concerned. In the second place, I am not anxious through any one's misfortune, (as he calls it,) to obtain a name in the prize ring; but hearing that he said he could whip me, I thought I would give him a chance; and as he has fought two or three times, and I am a perfect novice, I thought a few pounds would make no difference—although I believe him to be as heavy a man as I am. He says if his eye was well, my weight would make no difference. As I know that his eye excuse is "All in my Eye," let him come up with his stuff, and I will fight him for $200, and may the best man win. This is my last offer. It would be impossible for me to get down to 124 pounds, and he well knew it when he accepted on the terms he did, as he has often seen me weighed. If he wants to fight, it shall be catch weights or nothing. Yours truly,

MICHAEL CARROLL.

FIGHT IN CHICAGO.—A fight took place in Chicago, on the 17th, between two novices named Barney Green, of Philadelphia, and a man from Canada, called Ginger. They fought twelve rounds, in the first of which Barney injured his hand, and at the close of the 12th round, Barney's second gave in for him.

WE are requested to state that the communication recently published in the CLIPPER, reflecting upon Scotty's conduct is incorrect; and he thinks if the author is the gentleman he would have the public believe him to be, he should have given his name in full—instead of hiding behind an assumed one. If the writer will leave his address with us, Scotty says he will give him whatever satisfaction he may require.

BILLIARDS.—THE NEW ORLEANS PERFORMANCE BEATEN.—The following report of some "tall" billiard-playing we copy from the *North Iowa Times*, (published in McGregor, Iowa, of the 17th instant:

A BILLIARD PLAYER—HESTER BEATEN!—Much noise has been made over a Mr. Hester who recently made 719 caroms and 2167 points without going to the cushion.

On Monday, March 15th, 1858, Be it remembered that Mr. L. D. Higby at the St. Julien Billiard Rooms in this place, made *one thousand and four* caroms on the red balls, and counted *three thousand and twelve* points before the intense excitement attending such unrivalled success caused his steadiness of hand to fail him. Mr. H. was playing with W. H. Rhodes, Esq., of the firm of Kingsley & Rhodes. The play was witnessed and the correctness of this statement is verified by the Proprietor of the St. Julien, C. P. Goodrich, Esq., and several other gentlemen who were deeply interested observers.

COCK FIGHTING.—Daniel Mace has been tried in the Court of Common Pleas at Providence, R. I., charged with keeping an ill-governed and disorderly house in that city, and unlawfully permitting therein the fighting of game cocks. The jury failed to agree, and the papers were taken from them.

CLEVELAND VS. DETROIT.—MAIN AT COCKING.—We have received $100 a side from Messrs Riley and King, the former of Detroit, and the latter of Cleveland, for the main to be fought in April.

SPARRING.

SPARRING EXHIBITIONS IN BOSTON.

BENEFIT OF THE "BENICIA BOY."

ON Monday evening, March 15th, the many friends of the BENICIA BOY in Boston gave him a complimentary benefit at the Melodeon, and we can truly say that we never saw such a grand turnout of all classes of admirers of the manly art as on this occasion, which will long be remembered by those who had the pleasure of being present. The house, at an early hour, was filled to its utmost capacity, and every one seemed to take a deep interest in the entertainment. The many flags which decorated the interior and exterior of the establishment seemed to give a life to the occasion, especially the one which waved across the street and had inscribed upon the bottom in large gilt figures—

"COMPLIMENTARY TO THE BENICIA BOY."

W. G. Taylor, one of the most artistic professors of the day, officiated as Master of Ceremonies, in his usual good-humored manner, and gave entire satisfaction.

The evening's entertainment commenced by the introduction of Harry Finnegass and Young Mendoza, who appeared for the first set-to. Both are about the same weight and height, but Harry seemed to have the most science, and often sent home his left and gave his opponent some stunning upper-cuts. In the sixth round Harry knocked Mendoza clean off his pins—then both went in right and left, and the wind-up was very clever and brought down shouts of applause.

The second was between two juveniles, who amused the audience and showed that they had been under the instruction of a master of the art; the wind-up was well received.

Mr. Howard and Young Collins next donned the gloves, but neither showed much science; Howard, if anything, had the advantage in his long reach, and frequently gave Collins a hard tap on the smeller. At the close, both were bleeding slightly from the mouth and nose; but neither of them seemed to mind it, and went in pell-mell, right and left, which was loudly applauded.

Then came Thomas Wilson, better known as "Slasher Slack," and Young Colbert. Both commenced to spar very shy, but soon Colbert got in a straight blow, and Wilson was knocked down. After this Colbert went after his man, and some hard hitting and good counters took place. Wilson improved and gave Colbert a clever knock-down blow, which was received with shouts of applause. The wind-up was very spirited, "Slasher" having the advantage.

Mr. McCoy of Providence, and Mr. Norton next appeared, and gave a short display, which was very fair, the Providence man getting a little the best of it.

Next came Joe South and Cusick, the latter from California. This was a gallant and exciting "bout," until Cusick fell against a settee, which dislocated his shoulder, and he was obliged to retire. Mr. Jones, of Lowell, appeared to finish the set-to with South, and gave a very good display. The Lowell man gave Joe some hard raps before he retired, and in the wind-up both were "peppered" pretty well.

At this stage of the proceedings Prof. W. G. Taylor came forward and made a neat speech, in which he returned thanks in behalf of the Benicia Boy. He then introduced the Benicia Boy and John W. Woods, who were warmly greeted. Woods is the heaviest man, but the "Boy" seemed to have the most activity and science. They both commenced sparring and feeling of each other very carefully, and after some sharp exchanges the "Boy" threw his adversary in a masterly manner. When they came up for the second trial both went to work in earnest, and after some rattling blows Woods clinched his opponent and both fell heavily, the latter coming on top. In the next two trials there was a beautiful display of science; and, as before, at the finish Woods resorted to the "grab game," and threw his adversary. In the fifth bout Woods sent home a couple of straight blows on the "Boy's" frontispiece, but it seemed to us that he left himself open on purpose to draw Woods on. Nearly every trial ended with a clinch or fall. We never saw Woods do better than on this occasion, and a great number of the audience seemed to think he had got the best of the set-to, but the "knowingones" thought different. One reason why the "Boy" was thrown by Woods was that the floor was in a very bad condition, and he did not come prepared, and had on thick boots and tight pants, while on the contrary Woods was dressed in fighting costume; besides, the "Boy" held Woods in too light a manner, not knowing he had such a tough customer to handle; but in the last round it was evident the "Boy" had the best of it, and Woods left the stage, and could not be persuaded by the "Boy" or the audience to remain and have another round, which they loudly called for. We never saw the sparrers enter into the spirit of the set-to as they did on this occasion, and every couple could not have done better if their lives depended upon the result. The "Benicia Boy" has gained many friends in Boston by his gentlemanly behavior, and every one who became acquainted with him will be pleased to take him by the hand when he again visits that city, for he is a man who will make friends wherever he goes.

BENEFIT OF JOHN W. WOODS AND THOMAS WILSON, ALIAS "SLASHER SLACK," WEDNESDAY EVENING, MARCH 17.

On this occasion the Melodeon was about two-thirds full, but the excitement was great, in consequence of the fact that Woods had given out word in the papers that he was going to set-to with the BENICIA BOY, and intended to give him all he wanted. The sequel will show how he got deceived. PROF. TAYLOR conducted the entertainment, and the following sets-to came off:

No. 1. HARRY FINNEGASS and YOUNG MENDOZA.—This couple set-to on the previous evening together, and on this occasion acquitted themselves in the same good manner.

No. 2. JOHN DEAN and YOUNG MACAULEY.—These were two amateurs, but they amused the audience by their ludicrous movements.

No. 3. MR. CASWELL and MR. WHITTEMORE.—Both were green at the business, and only gave two trials, which were of no account.

No. 4. JOE COBURN and JOE POLECHIO.—This was a very uneven match, for the latter didn't have a shadow of a chance with his scientific opponent. The way Coburn sent in his left told a fearful tale on Polechio's smeller, and the claret flowed so freely he had to retire.

No. 5. JOE COBURN and THOMAS WILSON.—This was a very good display, and Joe kept his ugly left at work, which soon began to tell on Tom's nose. Joe proved too many guns for his opponent. It is a very rare thing to see a better sparrer than Coburn.

No. 6. YOUNG DAILEY and SHINER, the two juveniles who set-to on the previous evening. They were well received.

No. 7. YOUNG BIFFIN and MR. VARNEY, of Portland.—The latter had the advantage in strength and reach, but Biffin had the best science, and was very quick in his movements. Both got in good blows, and Varney amused the audience by the attitudes he struck.

No. 8. MR. COFFEE and MR. MCQUADE.—Coffee was too much for his opponent, and gave him several square blows in the face, and in the wind-up he was thrown heavily.

No. 9. MR. HOWARD and MR. NORTON.—The former being the heaviest man, generally got the best of each trial; but both of them have got a great deal to learn before they can be masters of the art.

No. 10. NEW YORK CHICKEN and YOUNG DANKINS.—This was a rattling affair, and both went in as though they meant business, but the Chicken was the liveliest, and gave Dankins several severe blows. The wind-up excited much merriment among the audience.

No. 11. The BENICIA BOY and JOHN WOODS.—When Mr. Taylor introduced these gentlemen for the wind-up of the evening's entertainment, he returned thanks in behalf of Messrs. Woods and Wilson, and announced that on Monday evening, March 22, Joe Coburn, of New York, and Harry Finnegass, of Boston, would have a joint benefit in the same place. Then the "heavy weights" came forward, both looking in excellent condition, although we thought Woods hadn't that look of confidence exhibited the previous evening. The Boy, on the contrary, seemed eager for the fray, and led off in beautiful style with his left on Woods' right eye—then they rallied—hitting like "horse-kicking" on each side—then Woods hugged his man, but as he (Woods) had barred throwing, (his favorite game,) they soon commenced another trial, when the Boy again planted a telling hit with his left on Woods' smeller. At this stage of the proceedings, Woods began to puff, and his blows didn't seem to have any effect on his opponent. After sparring in this style for some twenty minutes, the Boy having it all his own way, the wind-up was announced, and we thought, by the locks of Woods, that he would have been glad to retire sometime before. When they came up to the scratch, Woods was all out of wind, and seemed very weak in his pins; but the Boy appeared very fresh and determined, and again sent home his left with telling effect on Woods' phiz, which sent him reeling around like a top. This was a beautiful trial of skill, lasting, in all, about twenty-five minutes, and, throughout, it was greeted with deafening applause. It was evident, from the commencement, that Woods was no match for the Benicia Boy, although he hits a hard blow, and his manner of getting away is very good. On the whole, this exhibition passed off satisfactory to all parties.

BOXING IN BOSTON.—Boston, March 21, 1858.—FRIEND QUEEN: Professor W. G. Taylor, the scientific master of the manly art, is to have a complimentary benefit tendered him by his pupils, at Chapman Hall, on Tuesday evening, March 23d. It promises to be a grand affair, and it is the intention of the pupils to present the Professor with an elegant gold watch, as a token of his many kindnesses to them. We will send you a report of the exhibition for your next issue.

The benefit of Joe Coburn and Harry Finnegass, which takes place at the Melodeon on Monday evening, March 22d, is destined to be well patronized, and among the sets-to we notice the following names: Joe Coburn, Benecia Boy, John Woods, Tom O'Donnell, Cusick, Thomas Wilson, William Evans, Young Mendoza, Barney Ford, New York Chicken, and a host of others. A report of this exhibition will also be sent you. OLD SPORT.

SPARRING IN PHILADELPHIA.

YOUNG SCOTTY'S BENEFIT.

THE friends of Young Scotty rallied, and gave him a bumper of an exhibition at the Franklin Hall, Philadelphia, on Monday, 15th inst. This was the first appeal he has made to the public for a long while, and he feels grateful for the many acts of kindness he has received at their hands. The Master of Ceremonies, Jimmy Smith, (and a clever one by the way,) announced Con Quinn and Young Scotty, both being about the same height and weight. This set-to was a regular glove encounter, and both men acted on the slashing principle; Con got cleverly away from some nasty upper-cuts, which, if they had got home, would have knocked him off his pins. It was about an even thing, and received with great applause.

The second was between Mullin and Young America. This was a one-sided affair, as Young America had the best of it all through. Mullin and Stewart were next, after which McCoy gave the song "The Corduroy Shirt;" also a comic song, by Mr. Evans; it was very good, and he was loudly applauded and brought out the second time.

The fourth was between Johnny Hasson and McIntyre, at the commencement of which Hasson stated to the audience that some unfavorable reports had been put in circulation, calculated to do him an injury, and of which there was not a word of truth. The gist of the matter is this: A fight took place some two or three weeks past between Pat Mullin and Hasson, in which it is represented that the latter person got beat up badly; the real truth is, that their friends parted them—neither one of which could claim as being victor. Mr. Hasson has since made it publicly known, that he is open at all times to fight Mullin for any sum that may be agreed upon, or he will fight him to show who is the bragadocia, or the better man. These remarks gave satisfaction, and were well received. Both men now toed the mark, and dashed in, to work. In point of sparring, Hasson has improved very much of late; he makes a fine appearance in fighting costume.

Porter and Squibb were next in order, and then came McIntyre and the "Slasher." McIntyre kept dancing around, putting in his one, two, three, and getting away; the "Slasher" was no where. Two butchers now came forward, shook hands, and immediately got to work *cleaving* each other's *blocks*, the result of which, after *lamb*ing one another for some time, was that their *mutton* was pretty well cooked.

The wind-up of the evening, between Hasson and Young Scotty, in fighting costume, was a clever display of the fistic art, and was received with marked attention At an early hour all left for their respective homes, well satisfied with the evening's entertainment.

CON QUINN'S BENEFIT.

Con Quinn took a benefit at the new Hall, corner of 23d and Market streets, Philadelphia, on Tuesday, March 16th. Bad luck seems to follow in the footsteps of Con, for what reason it is impossible to tell, as he is a clever sparrer, and is always ready and willing at all times to lend his brother pugs a helping hand, which is quite different in his case, as but very few appear, and some of them sham sickness, when called upon. The beneficiary, when he was about getting up this exhibition, called upon some of the "big guns," so called, to aid him in his efforts to get up bills and tickets, but it seemed in vain; he was requested to call upon Mr. S. S Rankin, to whom he stated his case, and in justice to this gentleman we will say, that without any hesitation whatever he ordered them printed, and paid for them, and in return Con Quinn requests us to thank him for his kindness, of which he will ever feel grateful.

The exhibition was rather poorly attended, but those present seemed to enjoy the sport, and all appeared satisfied. Con Quinn and the "Slasher"—rat and the camel—were the first. The "Slasher" is rather fast, and cannot wait, always bustles about, rushes in, and when he does he gets nobbed pretty sharp. The following sparrers were next in order: Robinson and Boyd; Squibb and Strowber; Porter and John Fox; Lewis and Geo. Thomas; Drixler and the "Brummagem Lad." Of all the sparring we ever witnessed, this capped the climax. These two individuals chased and pounded one another all about the room, the audience following close in their wake, cheering them quite lustily; a roped ring was placed in the centre of the hall, but it was of no use. The wind-up, with Young Scotty and Con Quinn, was tip-top, and decidedly the best of the evening. At the close, the beneficiary returned his thanks to those who had assisted him.

SPARRING OUT WEST.—Izzy Lazarus, and his two sons Harry and John, have been giving a series of sparring exhibitions through the western country. On the 15th, they gave an excellent entertainment at Treat Hall Milwaukee. The wind-up was a clever representation of a battle between Harry and John, in which umpires, seconds, referees, etc., took part.

LATER SPORTS ABROAD.

From Bell's Life, February 28.

THE RING.

FIGHTS TO COME.

MAR. 2.—Bayliss and Keyte—£25 a side, London.
9.—Goddard and Hackett—£10 a side, London.
APRIL 27.—Finighty and Lynch—$25 a side, London.
MAY 26.—Bob Travers and Johnny Walker—£100 a side, London.
JUNE 15.—Tom Sayers and Tom Paddock—£100 a side and the Belt, London.

Fight between Bos Tyler and George Crockett.

FOR £50 A SIDE.

IN accordance with articles, the fistic tourney between these men took place on Tuesday, but was not on that day brought to any definite conclusion, owing as much to the want of proper management as to the interference of the police. The backers of the men, and those to whom the management of the matter had been entrusted, repudiated in strong terms the bare notion of being in any way to blame, and though we do not wish to pass "a vote of censure," yet there can be no doubt that had their arrangements been carried out in a more judicious manner there would have been no occasion for the second meeting, as the contest unquestionably would have been concluded on Tuesday. No good purpose will be answered by dwelling upon such mishaps, and we will say no more than this—that as the managers have paid the penalty (disappointment and expense), they will doubtless take care to prevent as far as is in their power the same thing occurring in any match they may for the future be connected with. Nothing, we are confident, tends to damp the ardor of pugilistic admirers so much as being dragged about from day to day to see "a box" when they are fully aware that there would have been no necessity for it had the affair been regulated with prudence. The combatants are well known to the metropolitan patrons of the Ring, Crockett having for some years been a great favorite with the sporting fraternity who dwell on the Surrey side of the Thames. He has contended with some of the best men of the day, but as the whole of his exploits will be found duly recorded in the pages of *Fistiana*, there is no necessity for us to recapitulate them. His last passage of arms was with Job Cobley, by whom he had the mortification to be vanquished. As a scientific boxer Crockett has gained a high reputation, and was also considered, in the palmy days of his milling career, to be a quick and effective hitter, though at the same time it was well known that he was by no means a glutton at punishment. Bos Tyler, who is now fast ascending the ladder of fame, hails from the East, where he has at all times been backed since the commencement of his career in the P. R. Bos's past achievements, like those of his opponent's, will be found in *Fistiana*; his last battle was with Topper Brown of Leicester, whom he placed *hors de combat* in gallant style, winning the contest, as we stated at the time, in a very creditable manner to himself. In making the present match Crockett would have it stipulated in the articles that the 13th rule of the Ring, against the "dropping system" should be strictly enforced, either man offending, after receiving a caution, to lose the contest. In weight the belligerents were confined to 10st, and on Monday they went through the ceremony of weighing at Harry Brunton's, the George and Dragon, Beech-street, Barbican, when both were ascertained to be within the mark, Bos only just balancing the beam, on the right side, while Crockett was some two or three pounds lighter. George was trained by Dan Collins, and was well up to the mark. Tyler was unquestionably well, but still he was by no means in tiptop fettle, being decidedly too fleshy. By the backers of the belligerents an aquatic trip was agreed on, Crockett's boat taking its departure from Tilbury, while Tyler's received the passengers at North Woolwich, and both vessels on Tuesday were well patronised. Crockett's boat had to wait the arrival at Gravesend of Tyler's, and in consequence of this it was nearly one o'clock before a fair start was made on the outward voyage. An attempt was made to effect a debarkation at Shell Haven, but this was soon found to be "no go," as the Blues were waiting to prevent hostilities. Another most injudicious spot was selected for the scene of action, but no sooner had the ring been got in readiness by the Commissary than the police again made their unwelcome appearance, and a move became inevitable. The day was now getting far advanced, but still, as there was yet some prospect of having the contest off, it was determined to make one more attempt. The spot selected is too well known to the "Fancy" to need being named, and here we are glad to say the Blues were found to be absent. It was precisely four o'clock when the combatants entered the ring. Tyler wanted to defer the encounter until the following day, alleging, as a reason, that there would not be sufficient daylight to finish; but this was at once overruled by the referee. Bos had for his seconds Harry Brunton and Bill Hayes, while Jemmy Welsh and Dan Collins were retained as "counsel" for Crockett, who won the toss for corners, a decided point in his favor. In betting Tyler was the favorite, but the combatants themselves laid an even "fiver" on the event. By twenty minutes past four o'clock they had received the finishing touch, and commenced

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. The position of each man was that of an accomplished master of the art. Both are well-made fellows. Tyler, however, had all the appearance of being the hardier man; Crockett being, perhaps, one of the most delicate-looking boxers that ever entered the ring. That he was confident of being victorious could not for an instant be doubted, and the same remark may also be applied to Tyler, who, it will be remembered, is only a one-eyed man, being deficient of the right lamp. Both men were cautious, and kept manœuvring and counter manœuvring for some time, without doing anything effective; for though Crockett made several attempts to lead, still he could not succeed in getting home; at length Crockett being within distance, let fly with the left, but did not deliver with any force, Bos, laughing, broke ground, and for a second or so near the ropes. Again they got to it, and in leading Tyler got on Bos's nob with the left, and got well away; Crockett, as Bos retreated, followed, and after feinting delivered the left well on his opponent's good peeper, and in breaking, slipped and went to grass near the ropes.

2. Bos, on being met went to his man, and forced the fighting. In the close Crockett got on the ropes, and in the struggle was the first to salute mother earth, Bos falling on him. Crockett was being taken to his corner, there was a cry of *first blood* for Bos, and the claim was allowed, a little of the ruby being visible from George's under lip.

3. Tyler planted a stinger in clever style, full in the mouth, and broke away. A pause, followed by some slipping counters, and Bos down near the ropes; he, however, recovered his perpendicular on the instant, and went to his corner laughing.

4. Crockett, in taking the initiative, planted with severity on Bos's proboscis; in a spirited rally the combatants fought to a close, when both went to grass, George being under.

5. After some few feints they closed, Tyler delivered in pretty style with the left, Bos getting home fully on the dial. As Tyler shifted ground George counter moved, and after heavy exchanges the men closed, when Bos, finding himself in difficulties, slipped down.

6. George, in leading hit short with the left, this mawley not being delivered with anything like the usual precision. Bos, after breaking from his opponent, again came to within distance, when they countered heavily on the head, both doing good execution. As Tyler retreated Crockett dashed out the right with a swimming force, but did no mischief, being too far round. After sparring they again went to work, and in a fair rally closed, and both went down.

7. After some scientific manœuvring, the ball was opened by Crockett, who administered the left on the knowledge box. As Tyler retreated Crockett followed, and in dashing out the right got on the back of the head, and then retreated. Bos, as George broke ground, passed him good naturedly on the back. Again they went to work in a rally, closed at the ropes, and in the fall both went down, Crockett being under.

8. Tyler commenced the attack, getting home the left in good style on Bos's *frontis*. Crockett hitting short with the right at the body. A pause. Bos, in the counters, got well on the head with his ever ready left, and as he broke ground, George made an attempt to give the upper cut, but missed. Bos, with much quickness and precision delivered another tell-tale on the nob, when George slipped and fell in the middle of the ring.

9. Bos home on the nob. Crockett, in returning, hit short. Not to be denied, George followed his antagonist up, when Bos, after cleverly extricating himself from an awkward position on the ropes, went down.

10. In the counter-hitting, the men did good execution, Bos's shots, however, appearing to be the more effective. A pause, and as Crockett manœuvred for the attack, Tyler shifted his position from the ropes. In a pretty rally the belligerents closed, and Bos gave his man the back heel and fell on him.

11. A fine exchange of left-handed compliments; after which Crockett, who had napped the ginger right in the middle of his cranium, broke ground. As Bos followed George slung out his right, but did not do any execution. After a pause they again went to work, and in a spirited rally fought to a close, Crockett in the fall being under, in the middle of the ring.

12. Tyler short with the left, but in a second attempt exchanged in fine style with his opponent, getting the left well home in the middle of the head. As Bos broke ground Crockett followed and lunged out with the right, but was not within distance. A close at the ropes, and Bos went down.

13. Crockett delivered his left effectively on the nob, and in a rally Bos slipped and fell, only touching the ground with his hands. On the instant he recovered his equilibrium, but did not renew the round, as Crockett's seconds declined the invitation.

14. Bos, who was evidently much the stronger, got home the left on the head with force; this was followed by some rattling exchanges, and at the finish of a well-fought bout, both went down near the ropes.

15. Tyler again on the head in pretty style with the left, and got well away. After a little feinting they again got to work, and in a rally to the ropes closed, when, after a sharp struggle, both went down.

16. Bos home with the left on the head, and in the exchanges Crockett administered in good style on the top part of the cranium. In a rally they got to the ropes, when Tyler went down in his corner.

17. Tyler, anxious to begin the attack, dashed out the left at the nob. In some rather wild exchanges they closed, when Crockett went down.

18. Sharp exchanges, and a close at the ropes, and both down, Crockett being under.

19. Tyler, after feinting with the left, delivered the right on the body. As George followed his antagonist up, Bos slipped from the rapidity of his movements, and went down in a purely accidental manner.

20. Crockett tried to plant the left, but was not up to the mark; Bos, in return, sent in a rattler on the nose, and to the delight of his friends repeated the dose in the most effective manner. Crockett broke from his opponent, and in doing so fell forward on his hands in the middle of the ring.

21. George, on coming up, was bleeding from the mouth, and after some sharp fighting, all in favor of the East Ender, Crockett was sent to grass with a fine back fall.

22. This was a well-fought round. The exchanges on both sides were of a most telling description, and as a finish Bos went down.

23. Exchanges, and Bos in shifting his position received a hit from George's right on the chest, and went down.

24. After a little sparring, Bos planted a stinger on the head, and in a spirited rally the men fought to a close, when Bos slipped from his antagonist and went down.

25 and last. The men now came up for the last time, and after manœuvring without doing anything worthy of notice, the referee, as it was now getting quite dark, stepped into the ring and ordered them to cease hostilities, as though Tyler had a most prominent lead, still there was not the slightest possibility of his being able to give his opponent the *coup de grace*. As neither man was in any way seriously punished the referee ordered them to meet on the following day (Wednesday) for the purpose of renewing hostilities, arranging between the backers of the men that the start should take place at an early hour in the morning. These matters being all amicably arranged, the combatants left the ring, where they had acquitted themselves in a most honorable manner, the contest having lasted one hour and twenty minutes, and so fairly was each round fought that there was not the least occasion of appealing to the referee. All got on board their respective vessels, and in due time once more safely arrived in the metropolis.

In pursuance of the referee's decision, the men met on Wednesday morning, by twenty minutes past nine o'clock, at the Fenchurch-street station, and from thence proceeded by rail to Tilbury, where they had been advised to meet by the above named functionary. The backers of Tyler had chartered a steam-tug, which was in attendance at Gravesend, and this arrangement prevented any difficulty in reaching the destined scene of action. The company was much more select than numerous, and the absence of Crockett's friends, with the exception of his backer, Mr. Hunter, and one or two others, was a sufficient proof that they did not think he had the least chance of winning. The combatants were not in any way seriously punished; Tyler, in fact, had scarcely a mark, while Crockett was only slightly swelled about the nob, but in all else there was a marked difference between the combatants. Tyler looked and acted like a man who was confident of being victorious; while Crockett, on the other hand, appeared thoughtful and dejected, as if already beaten, and there can be no doubt that he would rather have done anything than renew the contest. After a pleasant voyage a landing was effected on a well-known spot, and when the ring had been got in readiness Tyler lost no time in entering, while Crockett, on the the contrary, was a long time before he made his appearance. When Crockett in reality did enter the ring he wanted to question the right of the referee again holding office, but, finding under the circumstances that he could not do this, he proceeded to make ready, though but by slow degrees. By ten minutes past two o'clock the combatants had received the finishing touch, and were conducted to the scratch. It would be ridiculous on our part to attempt giving any detailed description of the rounds, and it will be sufficient briefly to say that Crockett never had from the first the remotest chance of winning. In the whole, twenty rounds were fought, occupying 55 minutes, when Crockett, who had before been warned by the referee, fell without a blow being struck on either side, and the battle was at once awarded to Tyler. Crockett, prior to being warned by the referee, infringed the 13th rule of the Ring in the most palpable manner, and had this occurred on the first day's fighting he would have at once lost the battle; but the referee, taking into consideration that the man was weak, and losing to all intents and purposes, showed him more lenity than he *otherwise* would have done. This will certainly be the last time that Crockett will figure in the P. R., and as he admits himself that all the fighting is out of him there is no necessity for any remarks from us. Let it, however, be borne in mind that he did his best to win, and that a helping hand to him now will be of the greatest assistance. Tyler has won this battle in the most honorable manner. He is undoubtedly a good tactician, and clever outfighter. He stands in a prouder position now among his admirers than he ever did, and it is to be hoped that not only as a pugilist, but as a man, his conduct will always be such as to merit their good opinion, for let him bear in mind that the sun of prosperity does not always shine in one spot, nor at all times on the same man. Before concluding our account of this passage of arms we must protest, and that in the most emphatic manner, against the unwarrantable way in which the seconds followed up the men while fighting. We do sincerely hope we shall not have to again complain of such improper conduct, for if we do we shall certainly see if we cannot ourselves find a remedy for the disease.

A GREAT TRIAL MATCH DANCE, for a handsome silver goblet, will come off at Harry Jennings' Sportsman's Hall, 49 Madison street, on Saturday evening, March 27th, at 8 o'clock precisely, when the following professionals have already entered their names to contend for the cup: Mickey Warren, Hank Mason, Dan Goren, Tom Gerden, Ned Roach, Young Costello, Young Roach, the Lancaster clog dancer, Trotter Ned of Bradford, Johnny Golden, and the sentimental Johnny Aaron. The match is to be decided by the most steps and best time, and the decision rendered by competent judges. A good night's entertainment may be relied on, as some of the best dancers in the city will perform on this occasion. Doors open at half past seven o'clock—to commence at eight. Admission, 25 cents.

CRIBBAGE.—Boston, March 22.—EDITOR CLIPPER: In last Saturday's issue of your paper, I find a challenge from Mr. Schuyler, of Philadelphia, to play any person a match at cribbage for any sum agreed upon. Being desirous of playing Mr. Schuyler, I hereby offer to play him a match of the best eleven out of twenty one games, for no less a sum than five hundred dollars a side, or as much more as he may desire. Should he accept this challenge, the necessary preliminaries will be attended to by Mr. Mesmer Lafferty, of the Cross Keys Hotel, S. W. corner of Lombard and Second streets, Philadelphia.

Yours respectfully, ISAAC JACKSON.

PICKING UP CUT NAILS.—There was quite an excitement in front of James Woods' carpenter-shop in Thirty-Fourth street, near Avenue C, on the 18th instant, in regard to a bet made by J—— C ——, to the effect that James Morrison could not pick up 80 nails, placed three feet apart, and put them one at a time in a basket; the basket to be placed at the first nail, and to do it inside of 45 minutes, under a forfeit of $5. James Morrison performed the feat in 31 minutes and 22 seconds. The gentleman who performed the feat stands 6 feet 2½ inches high, and weighs 160 pounds.

SPORTS! SPORTS!

Exercise! Exercise!! Exercise!!!

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FRANK QUEEN, PROPRIETOR,
No. 80 Ann street, New York.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1858.

FRANK QUEEN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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DUNCAN & INNES, 162 Vine street, Cincinnati.

FIGHTING AT THE CAPITAL.

WHAT a beautiful spectacle was presented in the Legislature of New York, the other day, when two of our law makers engaged in a brutal hog fight. Ever since the commencement of this session, a bill to prevent "prize fighting without weapons" has been before that honorable body. It passed through the various grades and degrees to which all such bills are subjected, until at last it was passed by the Senate, and from thence sent to the House, for the "respectful" consideration of that body. Notwithstanding the zeal of Senators to have this bill adopted, the very first to act in direct violation of a law they had just assisted in passing, were Messrs. Chatfield and Delaney, two members of the Senate. Is'nt it a beautiful commentary on the morality and consistency of the gallant opponents of the "fair and manly prize ring?" Only to think of it—our law makers brutally choking each other in the "august and sovereign presence" of the dignified Senators of the great Empire State, and one of them having actually to be turned out of the Senate Chamber. And of such, then, is that body composed who decry the prize ring, and those who choose to avail themselves of its manly and fair-dealing guardianship. Who ever saw one pugilist choke, or even attempt to choke, an opponent in a ring encounter? Why, independent of the rules which govern these contests, the fraternity would scout at such a disgraceful and brutal proceeding. But the rules of the ring not only denounce all such brutal practices, but inflict a penalty for all violations of the kind—loss of the battle. Ah! if our friends in the Legislature would only peruse the rules of prize fighting, and study the manly precepts which they teach, we should hear less of this eternal denunciation of the "science of manual defence." "Under the circumstances," we do not think our representatives will be justified in pushing this anti-prize fighting bill any further. If those who make the laws cannot abide by them, how can it be expected that "brutal pugilists" should obey them. The truth of the matter is, that man is a pugnacious animal—the fight is in him, and, when necessity demands it, will ooze out in a greater or less degree. Every day adds fresh testimony to this great and undeniable fact. Even the pulpit is not exempt from it—and have we not had repeated instances of pugilism in the very Senate Chamber of the United States? If, then, men *will* fight, let us have the business done in the most straightforward and manly manner, not by gouging, choking, knifing, or shooting, but by the recognized rules of the prize ring, which allow of no man taking an unfair advantage of an opponent, but which guarantee equal and just rights to all—which give a man the privilege of retiring from the contest whenever he feels his inferiority, and whose defeat is softened by the kindly attentions of his late opponent. This is the way to settle your differences, gentlemen. As our neighbor of the *Daily Times* remarks, some three or four weeks must elapse before the Legislature adjourns, and in that time there may be many fights. We would, therefore, respectfully suggest that such anticipated battles be conducted according to the "latest rules of the P. R.," and if word is sent us of any forthcoming tourney, we pledge ourselves to attend in person, and arrange the preliminaries in true artistic style, and thus initiate a new order of battle which, once seen, cannot but become popular in *all* halls of legislation. Will our friends, both at Albany and Washington, please give the matter their early attention, and thus create a revival in the Prize Ring which shall prove of inestimable value to "future generations yet unborn," and "your petitioner, as in duty bound, will ever pray," &c., &c.

TOM DAVIS has just entered into business, at No. 47 Third street, Cincinnati, where he is now host of the "Sons of Harmony." Tom made himself famous by his victory over the celebrated Hammer Lane.

THE PRIZE RING,

AS CONDUCIVE TO NATIONAL COURAGE.

PHILADELPHIA, March 17, 1858.

FRIEND QUEEN: Having noticed for some weeks an attempt to pass a villainous bill in the New York Legislature, under the title of "Fighting Without Deadly Weapons," you will excuse me if I enter rather lengthy on my short experience among the community of the brave men they would oppress.

I am a native of England, and can trace my descent from prominent upholders of the old English School, of which I do not feel a little proud. England's supremacy among nations has been mainly maintained by the bull dog courage, pig-headed obstinacy, indomitable energy, and beef-steak diet of the natives; and, holding that opinion, I am one of those who look favorably on anything that is calculated to develop either of the aforesaid national qualities, or aid in the general diffusion of the steaks. Pig-headed obstinacy is not, I grant, an estimable quality in itself, but from the glorious results it has led to, and from its entering so largely into the national character, I admire and revere it. For the bull dog courage of a nation I have an absolute veneration, and never pass by stores or offices without regretting that so many of the true breed are there chained up in ignoble and effeminate occupations.

Being acquainted with many members of the English P. R., I once called on an old friend in Birmingham, known as the Chicken; I found my friend at his domestic hearth, stripped to his buff, and inflicting heavy and repeated blows on a bag of saw-dust with his closed fist, all the time being in good sparring attitude. I quickly learned that he had accepted an engagement to meet the Dudley Cock, for a considerable sum, and that the affair was to come off on the following Monday. An invitation to see the mill was frankly offered me, and as frankly accepted; consequently, I and my dog Fang found our way to Water Orton. Now, I am not going to describe the battle, nor to narrate the events and formalities that preceded it; I am not going to relate how we got to Water Orton; how we had to dodge the myrmidons of the police; how a clear flat piece of turf was roped off with stakes; how the Chicken stripped splendidly, and exposed a chest and bust that would serve as a model for the statuary; how, when the two men set to work, every action was graceful in the extreme; the watchful eye, the active body; the agile foot, the quick arm, all being exerted to the extreme limit of their power; how there was no struggling, no mere buffeting or scrambling; nothing disgusting or offensive to even the refined eye; how the men relied little on brute force and much on activity and skill; how the vast powers of human endurance can be brought to a maximum by proper and judicious training, were shown in the indifference of the two men to blows, and their unimpaired activity after a contest of an hour's length; how, after fifty-seven rounds, during which the grace, elegance, strength, and beauty of the human frame were admirably developed, and how the pluck, resolution, and energy of the men were displayed, the Chicken was declared the victor; and how, after the battle was over, the Chicken shook hands with the Dudley Cock, and both parted friends; how the Chicken, but little the worse for his encounter, barring a black eye, and having his nose knocked a trifle on one side, rode home to Birmingham in the same carriage with myself and six other gentleman, and four pups who manifested strong desire to have little "events" of their own,—all this I shall not relate minutely, and I only allude to it in order to call attention to the fact that pure fighting has been grossly misrepresented, and that if at any time it should become extinct, from that moment the national character will commence to degenerate and decay. It's the bull dog courage, sir, that makes Great Britain and the United States great nations; and it is the Englishman's habit of deciding every dispute by a round of fisticuffs that gives them that same courage. No sooner does a boy go to school in England, than he begins to learn that the most useful knowledge he can possess is how to take care of his own head; and the habit of trusting to the fist for protection, inculcated as it is at every school, and through all grades of society, becomes a notable trait in their national character. Let Louis Napoleon once teach Frenchmen to fight with their fists, and he need have no fear of assassination. Let Americans once take to stand-up fights, with the weapons nature has given them; let bowie knives be among the things that were, and the national character will be elevated to a position which few nations can hope to attain. Let the Italians learn the science of Boxiana, and there would be no more stabbing in the back. The English habit of trusting to the fist produces a healthy tone of thought and love of fair play, to which secret assasination and duelling are entirely opposed. The P. R. is the true source of equality, and I have no hesitation in expressing my opinion that such literature as "*Bell's Life in London*," "NEW YORK CLIPPER," and others of the same species does more good in strengthening and forming the national character than any quantity of maudlin "Hints how to make home happy," or pamphlets on the propriety of putting money into provident institutions. The prize ring is an institution which should be encouraged in every possible way. It cannot by any possibility do harm to any one, except inflicting a few bruises on its professors, and does immense service to the country by promoting habits of self reliance and fearlessness in moments of danger. Once let the rules of the ring be forgotten and fisticuffs go out of date, and the cheering phrase so familiar to the mouth of British youth, "I'll punch yer 'ed," would be exchanged for such outlandish sentiments as "I'll stab yer 'art," or "I'll gouge yer eye out," and then what would become of the bull dog courage of Englishmen that triumphed at Waterloo, and forced its way, bull headed, up the heights of Alma? or the steady cool courage of Americans who struggled through the Revolution and Mexico. I plead, sir, for the national custom of England, and do hope that, in time, society (and especially the New York Legislature) may be aroused to a sense of the danger, a danger that is daily becoming more apparent by the increasing love of luxury and attendant effeminacy that must always result from a vicious system of miscalled refinement; I am proud of knowing several prominent members of the P. R, and hope to live to see the day when they can follow their profession without the interference of the police or Legislature.

Ever your supporter in the "good old cause."

EDWARD CAUNT.

THE CONVERSION OF ORVILLE GARDNER,

AND THE NEW YORK PRESS.

NEW YORK, March 18, 1858.

EDITOR CLIPPER—*Sir:* It was with feelings of the deepest gratification that I read in this week's CLIPPER your brief but justly condemnatory notice of the atrocious conduct of certain of the press of this city in their denunciations of the manly and noble stand taken by Mr. Gardner in defiance of the ridicule and contempt of public opinion. Permit me, sir, to preface my remarks by the assurance that, although in the capacity of professor of the "manly art" he could never enjoy more than my favorable opinion of his powers as *such*, yet, in the course he has recently adopted, I cannot but truly extend to him my heartiest esteem, and in all sincerity wish him "God speed."

But to the subject. Both history and experience have proved how little sympathy or favor has ever been extended to any reforms, whether individual, social, or national. Anything apart from the line of common every-day life has in all times been scoffed at, and stigmatized as some gross hallucination. No man ever attempted to improve the age and society in which he lived who was not denounced as a fanatic. And when, in the progress of the world, civilization and Christianity have assumed the prerogative of power, who does not know with what repulsions they have been met. If this be so in a general sense, can it be wondered at that any man, in his individuality, who attempts to break away from the trammels of a course of life fraught with degradation and ruin—and *that* man having stamped upon his brow the brand of the world's infamy—should be repelled in his endeavors at reformation and receive at the hands of the exponents of public sentiment the contempt and ridicule which such *wise* judges of human nature are never backward to bestow. But, sir, when I reflect that one who during his whole life has led a career of such utter disregard to the laws of his God and his country, is, by some mysterious influence for good, urged to the pursuit of virtue and integrity, and strives by every means in his power to fulfil his obligations, I cannot but solemnly pronounce any man or body of men, whether they be editors, ministers, or what not, as recreant to their duty, who should dare arrogate to themselves the right to impugn the motives by which such a man as Mr. Gardner has been actuated. When by his own voluntary will, and in the face of an uncharitable world, he renounced his past career, he did it, I doubt not, in the utmost sincerity and with a full determination to continue to the end, and should therefore at least deserve the sympathy and support of every honorable and virtuous man; for the carrying into effect habits so entirely opposed to those of his past life required no ordinary degree of moral strength. In his resolutions he stood out boldly and alone, thus, in the course he adopted, in every respect fulfilling the enunciation of that truth so beautifully expressed by a celebrated poet:

"Who would be free,
Himself must strike the blow."

And now, sir, with these few imperfect remarks, not wishing to further encroach upon your valuable space, I will close by saying, that having once put his hand to the plow, I trust Mr. G. may, by no insidious influences and persuasions, be induced to relax in his course, but, like a true champion of the right, go on conquering and to conquer, until, having fought manfully against every power arrayed against him, he may at last secure the crown—the possession of which in this world is a life of virtue, and honor, and unsullied integrity, and an endless immortality in that which is to come.

I remain, sir,
Yours in good faith,
A FRIEND TO THE ERRING.

P.S.—Since the above was written Mr. Gardner has had an opportunity to publicly testify to the genuineness of his professions, and their vitality cannot be gainsayed. His statements, though not characterized by any great refinement, were, nevertheless, given with feeling and earnestness.

RIFLE SHOOTING.

SOME of our rifle shooters are disposed to question the correctness of a feat recorded in our last, and think that we have been imposed upon. Well, we know nothing more of the matter than that our correspondent stated positively that the shooting was performed as recorded, and that, if doubted, it could be proved by reliable witnesses. We are anxious to have "facts," and as a little discussion will not hinder the developement of these facts, we give place to the following letter from Mr. Williamson, himself a rifle shooter of no mean pretensions:

MR. EDITOR—The shooting of H. P. Minot, of Fitchburg, Mass., published in your paper this week, I do not believe was done at 40 rods.

This rifle shooting in private is not the thing for old rifle shooters to believe. I have seen and shot with the best shooters in the Union for the last twenty years, but nothing like the shooting said to have been done by Mr. Minot did I ever see.

The best shooting I ever witnessed was done at the first annual meeting of the National Rifle Club, held at Waltham, Mass., last October. Twenty-five of the best shooters in the Eastern States were there, and shot for three days, and not a target was there, under 12 inches, 40 rods, 10 shots.

To test this matter, if Mr. Minot will come here, I will give him ten trials to do it in, and if he does it, I will pay all his expenses here and back; but if not, then he must pay his own. Or, I will go to Fitchburg on the same conditions, that is, if he loses, he must pay my expenses—otherwise, I pay my own. I will give him two days to do the shooting in. If Mr. Minot doubts my sincerity, I will refer him to Mr. Smith, No. 32 Washington street, Boston, or Mr. A. Havens, South Framingham, Mass.

JOHN WILLIAMSON.
58½ Division street, New York.

CURLING MATCH FOR THE DISTRICT MEDAL.—The following report of this match is copied from the Toronto "Colonist" of March 2d:—

The great Curling Match for the "District medal," sent out from Scotland by the Royal Caledonia Club, came off at Prescott on Wednesday, between the Kingston and Ottawa clubs. The spot chosen was opposite the town; the day was fine, and a vast concourse of people from both sides of the river gave animation and eclat to the occasion. The following is the registry of the game: Kingston; first rink—skip 24; second rink—skip 41,—total 65. Ottawa; first rink—skip 28; second rink—skip 23,—total 51. Medal won by 14 shots in favor of Kingston. The medal is a massive, though beautiful and chaste, piece of workmanship. It is about two inches in diameter, bearing on one side a beautiful representation of a curling scene, and on the other the inscription, "District Medal: Royal Caledonian Curling Club; instituted 23d July, 1838." On the top stands the British Crown, and at the bottom the cross of St. Andrew, the patron Saint of all curlers, stands boldly out. The whole is surrounded by a wreath, in which the thistle, rose and shamrock are beautifully blended.

THE TRIGGER.

THE RECENT PIGEON SHOOTING TOURNAMENT.—Old Berks county, Pa., Feb. 19, 1858.—EDITOR CLIPPER—*Dear Sir*: The great Tournament has at length become a matter of history; but the reflections consequent, do not equal by far the anticipations we were called upon to indulge when it was yet in the womb of the future.

We have for a long series of years been a patron of sport, particularly pigeon shooting. We have also given our patronage to sporting periodicals, and have been a passenger on board the CLIPPER from the time of her being launched. Therefore it is, we desire to offer a few observations on the late Pigeon Shooting Tournament. After travelling a considerable distance at no trifling expense, (these hard times,) we arrived at the Darcey House (in Jersey City,) kept by Messrs. John Taylor and Silvester, on Monday, March 1st, at 5 o'clock, A. M., (our delegation consisting of thirteen,) and here, in our opinion, Mr. John Taylor was derelict in point of duty. It must be obvious to reason that Mr. T. ought to have been present to receive and entertain his guests, many of whom were total strangers, not only to him, but to the place also. He not only was absent at the time, but had to be searched for, (his residence being remote from the Darcey House,) and when found, politely informed us that he had no accommodations for lodging. Allow us here to say, that in our opinion Mr. T. ought to have made arrangements for sleeping as well as for eating and drinking. If he could not at the Darcey House, (which by the bye is a very magnificent edifice and kept as a restaurant and drinking saloon,) why not at some contiguous place, or places? And if he intended to throw every one on his own resources in that respect, is it not palpable that he ought to have published the same through the columns of the CLIPPER? We think so; and certainly those who crossed the river to New York for accomodations could not think otherwise. We found accomodations at a tavern in Jersey City, we believe the United States. So much for lodging accommodations. We have something to say about birds. According to programme, as published in the CLIPPER of January 30th, and February 6th ultimo, the first and principal sweepstakes to comprise thirty members, at twelve pigeons each, would require 360 pigeons, allowing the birds on chances ruled out, for tie shooting. If our report of the shooting be correct, and we believe it is, the number of birds to be shot by each shooter was reduced to ten, (instead of twelve, owing to not having an ample supply.) During the first day's shooting, March 1st, the number of birds shot, including the ties, amounted to one hundred and thiry-two; and during the second and third day's shooting, (ending Wednesday afternoon, at four P. M.,) the number of birds shot at were two hundred and fifty-four, including two or three that escaped from the handlers, making a total of no more than four hundred pigeons. We think a poor display for such a turn-out, after four weeks' notice. We think it is idle for Mr. Taylor to say that the requisite number could not be obtained. Certain it is, that had he used efforts commensurate with the necessities of the case, an abundance would have been his reward.

The Tournament partook too much of speculation for gain on the part of its projectors, to be entitled to a claim of nationality. We cannot understand the motive that dictated Messrs. Taylor & Co. to make a deduction of 2½ per cent from the stakes except upon the principle "take what you can." To talk about incidental expenses, is simply ridiculous; they certainly did not consider travelling expenses incidental, for each competitor paid his own, and what other expenses incident to the shooting, which were not well paid for, *independent of the percentage*, remains yet to be made known.* There is another item connected with the Tournament, and an important one, worthy of severe reprehension: not on the part of Messrs. T. & Co. We have reference to the very disorderly conduct of outside shooters. Boys on the brink of manhood, behaving more like Bedlamites than rational beings; treating with scorn and contumacy the officers, when in the discharge of the duty of keeping order on the shooting ground; snow balling strangers whom they never had seen, and taunting them with sneers, seemed to clap the climax of their delight. We, however, forgive them, believing in the maxim "As the twig is bent the tree inclines." Their fathers have eaten sour grapes, and set their children's teeth on edge.

Our opinion is, that the place selected for the shooting was by no means adapted, especially when the magnitude of the affair is taken into consideration. A densely populated vicinity, and not far from the Empire City, affords the material to constitute the nuisance complained of.

Better by far select some prairie in the West, remote from any thick settlement; and it would be just as reasonable for our Eastern brethren to travel West, as for our brethren of the West to travel East; *but perhaps not quite so profitable.* Be that as it may, as far as we are concerned we are so satified with the late Tournament, that other arrangements must be made, and a more convenient place selected, before we attend another.

To conclude, we are in some respects well satisfied with our late trip. Especially with having opportunities afforded to mingle with many sportsmen heretofore strangers to us (except by reputation) with whom we often smiled, and hope the day is not distant in the future, before that same friendly greeting will be repeated.

Our compliments are especially due, and cheerfully tendered to, Mr. Michael Smith of Jersey City. His attention to us and the Philadelphia Delegation in taking us to his hospitable abode, and entertaining us to the choicest drinks (not even forgetting the Sparkling Champaigne) and eatables in abundance, entitles him to the proud distinction of a bona fide sportsman and gentleman.

Wm. Rea Host (we believe of the U. S. House) extended to us lodgings, for which kindness he will ever receive our kind regard. And last, but not least, Frank Queen, *pilot* on board the CLIPPER, and Wm. Lindsey, his obliging reporter, we shall never forget them.

Would, for the cause of sport, we could of another say likewise; who, when on a visit to the City of Brotherly Love, Dec. 18, 1857, received the attentions due his rank as a pigeon shooter when about contending for laurels against Mr. Mount. Yours respectfully,

A PENNSYLVANIAN.

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* We were paid nine dollars for advertising the programme of the Tournaments.—ED. CLIPPER.

RIFLE SHOOTING.—City of Reading, Pennsylvania, March 19, 1858.—DEAR FRANK: A shooting match with rifles, off-hand, came off on Monday, 15th instant, at the Fair Grounds, for a Mammoth Gobbler, weighing 23lbs, valued at $5.00. Twelve competitors, at 12½ cents a chance. Fifty-two chances were taken by the respective belligerents, thus affording three prizes.

CONDITIONS.

To shoot at the distance of 60 yards, off-hand, 3 balls in a board; measure all the balls from centre to centre, string-measure, and the shortest string to be entitled to the prize. The following is the summary:

The Gobbler was awarded to Messrs. C. Weiss & N. Delaney, Gun Smith; the former made some good shots; his first ball being a centre shot; second, line shot; third, wandering, viz:

Messrs. Weiss & Delaney, first prize, 3¾, and second prize, 5 1-16, $1.00; Captain John Burkhart, third prize, 5⅛. 50 cents.

The host of the Union House acquitted himself in a masterly manner; the measurement of his string was 5¼ inches, he having but 3 shots, thus grazing the nail twice out of three times. We think if he would have had as many chances as some of his competitors, "it would have been his Turkey." He is intent upon providing himself with a new shooting-iron, and will not be dependent upon "fixens" that he is unaccustomed to. Then you will see some rare shooting! The shooting throughout was very good. We were at a loss to account for our

friend Herald's absence, the originator of off-hand rifle shooting in our city, but upon making strict inquiry, he went in search of a stray snipe, which he had the honor of pocketing, which entitles him to the credit of having shot the first bird this season in Old Berks; and no doubt it will not be his last, since reports assert that he is fonder of Snipe than Turkey. Respectfully yours,

PIGEON FEATHER.

PIGEON SHOOTING ORDINARY.—City of Reading, Pennsylvania, March 15, 1858.—DEAR FRANK—There has been quite a revival among the shooting-fancy since the news of the late Tournament reached us. We have to record a set-to between Messrs. Herald and Woodruff; the latter being here on a visit, was entirely unprepared for such an event, especially against one who had vanquished the redoubtable disciples—Eagle Nipple and Pigeon Feather. Nothing daunted, however, at the talent arrayed against him, he soon placed himself in a defiant attitude, having procured a gun from his honorable opponent. "When Greek meets Greek—then comes the tug of war." The shooting took place adjacent to the northern confines of the city, and a great multitude of spectators were there to do them honor. The amount which fell to the lot of Herald, we leave the figures subjoined to set forth. Suffice it to say—his star has ceased to shed its luminous rays among the fancy of Old Berks. We hope, however, that the dark cloud which overhangs it may yet be chased away by Fortune's favor. The conditions and final results are as follows:

To shoot from ground trap, 21 yards rise, 80 yards fall, 1⅛ oz of shot, and 3 birds each; (more could not, at the time, be obtained)

Herald.....0 0 0—0 | Woodruff.... .....0 1 0—1*

* Old Bob was present on the occasion, in readiness to attend to a challenge tendered him by Mr Mingis; but in consequence of there being no birds, the match had to be postponed to some future day. Old Bob is but a young disciple of the trigger. His first and last encounter was with one well known to fame (Eagle Nipple) and having beaten him with apparent ease, he, of course, feels himself some pumpkins; and so he ought. Bob requires to be admonished; his own fondness for shooting made him an out-side shooter. He made one shot at an escaped bird, which, if he did not kill, he lays claim to having made the "feathers fly." To the no-great praise, however, of Herald, be it said, he withdrew the shot from Bob's gun—hence the fact of his only making the "feathers fly." REFEREE.

A RARE RAT KILLER.—Reading, March 15th, 1858.—DEAR FRANK:—Since my return from the "Tournament," I have (as the Yankee girls say) been "bobbing round" considerably. Thinking that a visit to my old friend and compatriot, "Pigeon Feather," would not injure my health to a very great degree, I started for that hospitable spot, known as Old Berks. My object in writing is to acquaint you with a little incident which occurred shortly after my arrival. I suppose you have often heard of a certain personage erroneously called "Dutch Bill," residing in this neighborhood. I say erroneously, for to use his own expression there is no Dutch about him; he is American all over. Well, to my story. Said William is the sole owner of the celebrated rat killer Fanny, to whose astonishing feats no one in this part of the country is a stranger; one of Fanny's peculiarities is, that she will stand a rat with the same precision that a well-bred pointer will stand a partridge; consequently, she is "safe" to bet on. Well, I was standing at the depot, and while looking around me I espied William coming down the street followed by his pet Fanny, who, after she had crossed the street, came to a perfect stand in front of a box set in the pavement to carry off waste water, and the moment her owner espied her you might have heard him a mile, exclaim, "gentlemen, I'll bet 50 to 1 there's a rat under there; who takes it?" There being no takers, William set his wits to work as to how he could get at the "varmint." He concluded that the best way was to rip up the box, and give Fanny a chance, but after lifting the top partly up, without discovering his ratship, he came to the conclusion that he had escaped, and after fixing everything right again, he found to his delight that his favorite was again at her post as stiff as a poker. "Now, gentlemen," said he, "you can bet your life there's a rat in that box, and if I don't get him, then my name is not Wm. R. Seltzinger." Down went Bill, and up came the box, together with half the pavement, and out came the rat, who no sooner showed himself than he was killed, much to the delight of the spectators; and as for her master his joy knew no bounds. About this time, out came the owner of the house, and you ought to have seen and heard him; he was raving, but Bill commenced to argue with him, and subsequently he was by a powerful argument conciliated. I admired Bill's independence, and determined to make his acquaintance, in which I was successful, and I found him one of nature's noblemen, a man whom any one might be proud to know; and regarding the "Dutch" business, that's all moonshine; he's a noble son of "Old Berks," born under the stars and stripes; and, besides being a good fellow, he is the *beau ideal* of all cockers who, like himself, raise stock that never run away. An honest man, and a true disciple of sport, endears him to a large circle of friends, and we may well say of him

"None know him but to love him;
None name him but to praise."

WOODRUFF.

A GREAT PEDESTRIAN.—The Houston (Texas) *Republic*, gives the following notice of a persevering pedestrian:

We have met an individual who had travelled on foot from Montreal, Canada, to Houston, Texas, a distance of perhaps 2,500 miles. In most cases he journeyed along the banks of rivers, and when he crossed from Louisiana to Texas he found the prairie covered with water between the line and the turn of Liberty. This gentleman spoke in the highest terms of the hospitality of the people along the whole route. He had served in Sir Lacy Evan's Brigade in Spain, during the war between Don Carlos and Queen Isabella. He was accustomed to carrying a knapsack and preferred travelling on foot to any other way.

A PEDESTRIAN'S CHALLENGE.—A chap publishes a challenge in a Western paper to any man in the world to beat him walking a plank without rest. The editor of the paper, having learned that the fellow was confined five years in a treadmill, offers to back him for two cords of wood.

ELEVATING HEAVY WEIGHTS.—Cincinnati, Ohio, March 13, 1858.—FRANK QUEEN—*Dear Sir*—I saw in your paper, a week or two since, an account of a great feat in elevating, with one hand above the head, the enormous weight of 108 pounds, by Mr. Lon. Goldsmith, and he, Mr. Goldsmith, stating that no other Gymnast had ever performed the feat in this country. I will just state that I have performed the feat of elevating with one hand above my head, the enormous weight of 111 pounds.

JAMES MARRIS BROOMALL.

THAT WRESTLING CHALLENGE.—In looking over last week's CLIPPER, I perceived an article, headed wrestling challenge, purporting to be from one John Trainer. I called at Reynold's, and was directed to his residence, 53 Sheriff street, but could not see him. I now accept Mr. Trainer's challenge, to wrestle him in three weeks from date, for $150; my weight being 10 stone 13 lbs.

JOHN LARKIN,
better known as CLAW HAMMER.

THE "HOLLOW HORN."—A Tompkins county correspondent writes as follows:—"The disease in cattle, known as 'hollow horn,' is causing an annual loss to be estimated by millions of dollars in this State alone. This disease is spinal, caused by the hide of the animal adhering to the bone of the back, and preventing circulation; and may be cured as follows:

"Rub with the hands, with as much force and friction as possible, the hide of the animal, on the back bone, from the tail to the horns, thereby restoring circulation. Every animal should be examined and subjected to this process every February and March, and prevent this disease."

DISEASES OF THE DOG.

DISTEMPER.—CONTINUED.

When the symptoms denote the probable appearance of fits, although the appetite should be craving, the food must be light and spare. At the Veterinary College, the pupils are taught that the increase of the appetite at this particular period is a benevolent provision to strengthen the body for the approaching trial. Nature, foreseeing the struggle her creature is doomed to undergo—the teacher used to say—gives a desire for food, that the body may have vigor to endure it; and the young gentlemen are advised, therefore, to gratify the cravings of the dog. This is sad nonsense, which pretends to comprehend those motives that are far beyond mortal recognition. We cannot read the intentions of every human mind, and it displays presumption when we pretend to understand the designs of Providence. There are subjects upon which prudence would enjoin silence. The voracity is excessive, but it is a morbid prompting. When the fits are threatened, the stomach is either acutely inflamed, or in places actually sore, the cuticle being removed and the surface raw. After a full meal at such a period a fit may follow, or continuous cries may evidence the pain which it inflicts. Nothing solid should be allowed; the strongest animal jelley, in which arrowroot or ground rice is mixed, must constitute the diet; and this must be perfectly cold before the dog is permitted to touch it: the quantity may be large, but the amount given at one time must be small. A little pup should have the essence of at least a pound of beef in the course of the day, and a Newfoundland or mastiff would require eight times that weight of nutrimet: this should be given little by little, a portion every hour, and nothing more save water must be placed within the animal's reach. The bed must not be hay or straw, nor must any wooden utensil be at hand; for there is a disposition to eat such things. A strong canvas bag, lightly filled with sweet hay, answers the purpose best; but if the slightest indication to gnaw is observed, a bare floor is preferable. The muzzle does not answer, for it irritates the temper which sickness has rendered sensitive. Therefore, no restraint, or as little as is consonant with the circumstances must be enforced. Emetics are not indicated. Could we know with certainty that the stomach was loaded with foreign matters, necessity would oblige their use; but there can be no knowledge of this fact—and of themselves these agents are at this time most injurious. Purgatives are poisons now. There is always apparent constipation; but it is confined only to the posterior intestine, and is only mechanical. Diarrhœa is certain to commence when the rectum is unloaded, and nothing likely to irritate the intestines is admissible. The fluid food will have all the aperient effect that can be desired. As to setons, they are useless during the active stage; and if continued after it has passed, they annoy and weaken the poor patient; in fact, nothing must be done which has not hitherto been proposed.

When signs indicative of approaching fits are remarked, small doses of mercury and ipecacuanha should be administered. Grey powder, 5 grains to 1 scruple; Ipecacuanha, 1 to 4 grains. Give the above thrice daily; but if it produces sickness, let the quantity of the next dose be one-half. Tincture of hyoscyamus, 1 part; Sulphuric ether, 3 parts.

This should be mixed with cold soup, ten ounces of which should be mingled with one ounce of the medicine. Give an ounce every hour to a small dog, and four ounces to the largest animal. A full enema of the solution of soap should be thrown up, and the rectum having been emptied, an ounce or four ounces of the sulphuric ether and hyoscyamus mixture ought to be injected every hour. Over the anterior part of the forehead, from one to four leeches may be applied. To do this the hair must be cut close, and the part shaved; then, with a pair of scissers, the skin must be snipped through, and the leech put to the wound: after tasting the blood it will take hold. To the nape of the neck a small blister may be applied; and if it rises the hope will mount with it. A blister is altogether preferable to a seton; the one acts as a derivative, by drawing the blood immediately to the surface without producing absolute inflammation, which the other as a foreign body violently excites. The effects of vesicants are speedy, those of setons are remote; and I have seen fearful spectacles induced by their employment. With dogs setons are never safe; for these animals, with their teeth or claws, are nearly certain to tear them out. In cases of fits, if the seton causes much discharge, it is debilitating, and also offensive, to the dog, and the ends of the tape are to him an incessant annoyance. It is not my practice to employ setons, being convinced that those agents are not beneficial to the canine race; but to blisters, which on these animals are seldom used, I have little objection. With the ammonia and cantharides, turpentine and mustard, we have so much variety, both as to strength and speed of action, that we can suit the remedy to the circumstances, which, in the instance of a creature so sensitive and irritable as the dog, is of all importance. The blister which I employ in distemper fits is composed of equal parts of liquor ammoniæ and camphorated spirits. I saturate a piece of sponge or piline with this compound; and having removed the hair, I apply it to the nape of the neck, where it is retained from 5 to 15 minutes, according to the effect it appears to produce. Great relief is often obtained by this practice; and should it be necessary, I sometimes repeat the application a little lower down towards the shoulders, but never on the same place; for even though no apparent rubfaction may be discerned, the deeper seated structures are apt to be affected, and should the animal survive, serious slouching may follow, if the blister be repeated too quickly on one part.

The directions given above apply to that stage when the eye and other symptoms indicate the approach of fits, or when the champing has commenced. The tonic pills and liquor arsenicalis may also then be continued; but when the fits have positively occurred, other measures must be adopted. If colic should attack the animal, laudanum must be administered, and in small but repeated doses until the pain is diminished. Opium is of itself objectionable, but the drug does less injury than does the suffering, and therefore we choose between the two evils. From 5 to 20 drops of tincture, combined with ½ to 2 drachms of sulphuric ether, may be given every half-hour during paroxysm; and either the dose diminished or the intervals increased as the agony lessens, the animal being at the same time constantly watched. The ethereal enemas should be simultaneously exhibited, and repeated every half-hour. When a fit occurs, nothing should during its existence be given by the mouth, except with the stomach-pump, or by means of a large-sized catheter introduced into the pharynx. Unless this precaution be taken, there is much danger of the fluid being carried into the lungs. Ether by injection, however, is of every service, and where the proper instruments are at hand, it ought also to be given by the mouth. The doses have been described. To the liquor arsenical, from ½ to 2 drops of the tincture of aconic may with every dose be blended; and the solution of the chloride of lime should be mingled with the injections, as ordered for diarrhœa, which if not present is certain to be near at hand. The following may also be exhibited, either as a soft mass or as a fluid mixture: Chloride of potash, 1 to 4 grains; Aromatic powder, ½ to 2 drachms; or, Carbonate of ammonia, 5 grains to a scruple; Chalk, 1 to 4 scruples; Aromatic confection, 1 to 4 scruples.

Either of the above may be tried every third hour, but on no account ought the warm bath to be used. An embrocation, as directed for rheumatism, may be employed to the legs, and warm turpentine may, as described in diarrœa, be used to the abdomen. Cold or evaporating lotions to the head are of service, but unless they can be continuously applied, they do harm. Their action must be prolonged, and kept up night and day, or they had better not be employed, as the reaction they provoke is excessive. Cold water dashed upon the head during the fit does no good, but rather seems to produce evil; the shock often aggravates the convulsions, and the wet, which soon dries upon the skull, is followed by a marked increase of temperature; while remaining upon other parts, and chilling these, it drives the blood to the head.

From the foregoing, it will have been seen that my efforts are chiefly directed to strengthening the system, and, so far as possible, avoiding anything that might add to the irritability. On these principles I have sometimes succeeded, and most often when the fits have been caused by some foreign substance in the stomach, or intestines. When such is the case, the fits are mostly short and frequent. One dog that had one of these attacks, which did not last above forty seconds every five minutes, and was was very noisy, lived in pain for two days, and then passed a peach stone, from which moment it began to recover, and is now alive. In another case a nail was vomited, and the animal from that time commenced improving. In this instance an emetic would have been of benefit; but such occurrences are rare, and the emetic does not, even when required, do the same good as is produced by the natural ejection of the offending agent. Perhaps, where nature possesses the strength to cast off the cause of the distress there is more power indicated; but after an emetic, I have known a dog fall upon its side, and never rise again.

During fits the dog should be be confined, to prevent its exhausting itself by wandering about. A large basket is best suited for this purpose. It should be so large as not to incommode the animal, and high enough to allow the dog to stand up without hitting his head. A box is too close; and besides the objection it presents with regard to air, it does not allow the liquids ejected to drain off.

For the pustular eruption peculiar to distemper, I apply no remedy. When the pustules are matured I open them, but I am not certain any great benefit results from this practice. If the disorder terminates favorably the symptom disappears; and, beyond giving a little additional food, perhaps allowing one meal of meat, from 1 ounce to 6 ounces, I positively do nothing in these cases. I must confess I do not understand this eruption; and in medicine, if you are not certain what you should do, is is always safest to do nothing.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE PARSON'S FIRST WHALE.

THE good barque Fish was lying becalmed off the west end of Celebes, with a large sperm whale alongside, ready to be cut up. The sea was smooth as a pond, and the sun hot as possible.

"In board there!" shouted the mate, who was on a stage over the side. "In board there, ahoy!"

"Sir?" was the response.

"Whose hook on is it?"

"Mine," responded a voice from the half deck, and up bounded Tom, a smart young boat steerer, with nothing on but a pair of drawers. In a couple of winks he made a dash at the open gangway overboard, for he was a good swimmer, but unluckily his foot slipped and instead of jumping outside the whale, which was evidently his intention, the back of his head struck the ridge of the whale, and he went down with his hands extended over his head. All who saw him supposed he was going a fathom or two to cool off, and expected him up again in a few seconds, but not appearing soon, the men along the gangway and the mates upon the stages roared out "He's gone! save him, boys!" and in a second five of our best swimmers plunged after him, and a boat was lowered at the same time. But it was all in vain; poor Tom rose no more; even the men who plunged after him only saw a shoal of sharks descending in the direction they supposed he was sinking. Shoals of sharks generally keep company with whalers, especially when they have whales alongside, and dash at everything that is thrown overboard. They would eat a whale's blubber in a night, if not kept off by spades and lances. These sharp instruments are appreciated by them—they seem to know their touch is death, and instinctively keep a respectful distance, until the carcase is surrendered to them in due form; then they have a blow-out, and a free fight without interference from salt beef surgeons.

Poor Tom had taken his last dive. The boat, after pulling astern, following the set of the current a reasonable time, returned and was hoisted up in silence. The men were too oppressed with grief to sing the usual song, and walked forward without exchanging a word. The captain had walked the quarter deck full five minutes, apparently lost in thought, when the man at the mast-head sung out, "There she blows—there again—there's two of them."

"Where away?" demanded the captain, springing into the main rigging.

"Right astern, sir, large whales! There goes flukes, headed right across the ship's wake to port! There she blows, there again," continued the look-out, and soon the captain and mates were alongside of him.

"Clear away the boats," shouted the captain, "and get ready to lower away; down from aloft. Ship keeper aloft and keep a good look-out."

All hands were on the move, full of life and animation. Tom was forgotten in the excitement of the moment. It was not until the captain's boat had dropped astern that he recalled to mind the fate of his boat-steerer by his absence from the bow of the boat; but seeing the cabin boy looking over the taffrail, he sung out—

"Jump overboard, Bill, and I'll pick you up. I want you to pull the after oar."

Without a moment's hesitation, Bill was overboard a fathom deep, but rose to the surface like a cork, and was dragged on board.

"Now," said the captain, who was a jovial young fellow, and delighted to identify himself with the humors of the crew, "you, Parson, pull the harpooner oar, I'll give you a chance to fasten, if we have the good luck to get upon the whale; but mind, if you miss, I'll drive a lance through you."

The young man whom he addressed as Parson, had obtained the title by trying to teach a couple of New Zealenders to read the bible. All the men had by names, such as Long Bay, Broadsword, Jack Ketch, Livercomplaint, Rheumatism, Lazarus, &c., and these names were more used than those on the articles.

This was the Parson's first voyage whaling, and the voyage was yet young, as there were only 300 barrels of oil on board, and the ship could stow 2,890 barrels. The death of Tom had given him a lift, which of right belonged to some experienced spouter, of whom there were several among the crew, and he felt determined to show himself worthy of the place the captain had assigned him.

"Pull, my boys—spring to your oars—bend your backs," said the young captain, grinding his teeth, and pushing at the after oar with all his might. "Pull and head the mate—that's you—another stroke like that, my hearties; there she goes; now she flies—hurrah! the mate drops—now we lead—off she goes!"

"The whale's up, sir," said the Parson, interrupting the captain, "on the larboard bow."

"So he is, and it's our chance. Peak your oars, boys, and take to the paddles."

The order was promptly obeyed, and we were seated along the gunwales paddling like Malays. The whale was about half a mile off, going at the rate of about three knots an hour, and blowing as leisurely as a blacksmith's bellows.

"Don't make a noise, my lads," whispered the captain, "keep your paddles clear of the sides of the boat. What a noble fellow he is—grey-headed, a regular patriarch. Now, Parson, if you miss him I'll kill you—mind, he's good for 85 barrels, yes 90—perhaps 100, and to miss him deserves death—two deaths—eh, boys? Hush, take your paddles out of the water—he smells oakum—no he doesn't, paddle away."

We were following in his wake, and as the sun was shining on his starboard side, the captain concluded the glare would half blind him, and enable us to approach without being seen, and so steered the boat accordingly. It was really a grand sight to see the noble fellow ploughing along so gently, the water curling over his back, as if he were bathing for the benefit of his health, and enjoying the pleasure.

"Stand up, Parson," said the captain firmly, though in a whisper, his eyes glaring as if they would leap from their sockets.

The boat's bow was square with the whale's hump, not more than eight foot off; the Parson held the iron (harpoon) by the middle carelessly in his left hand; the men still paddled, just keeping way with the whale, while the captain was gradully edging the boat, head on and stern off.

"Dart," whispered the captain, but the Parson whispered back, "Lay on."

"Dart, I tell you we're near enough."

"Lay on!" was still the response of the Parson.

"There, blast you, there's lay on and have your head knocked off!' giving the boat a sweep on with the steering oar. This time there was no order to dart, nor was it necessary; for the Parson, in order to give increased velocity to the harpoon, sprang into the bow of the boat and sent one iron after the other, socket up, into the whale, just abaft the fin; then jumping down into his proper place, seized a lance, but before he could bring it to bear, the whale sprang out of the water at least six feet, and came down with a plash that shrouded the boat in foam as if she had been immersed in the ruins of a water spout.

"Stern hard," shouted the captain, "stern for your lives," and the men bent to their oars amid the whirlpool made by the motion of the whale.

"He spouts thick blood," said the Parson composedly, as he exchanged places with the captain; "I did not miss him."

The whale then went down about fifty fathoms, but was too much used up to remain long below, and when he came to blow, lay motionless for a minute.

"Lay on," said the captain, "and I'll kill him dead."

The order had not to be repeated, the Parson sent the stem of the boat square against the whale's side, and the captain was about picking out a soft place for his lance, when the whale milled short around, and raising one corner of his flukes, laid it gently on the boats gunwale, and tipped her over, keel up, as politely as a lady would turn her hand in bidding adieu. But quickly as a flash the flukes flew to another side, cut another boat clean in two, and broke the third mate's leg. Here was a pretty mess; twelve sinners overboard in bloody waters, surrounded by sharks, and, at the same time, liable to be smashed in pieces by the whale's flukes; but the venerable patriarch, apparently satisfied with what he had done, left us to the care of the sharks, and paddled away with two irons and a boat's line.

To right our boat was the work of a few minutes, and in half an hour she was an ark of safety, with all hands on board. The whale made towards the ship, ran round and round a few times, and then turned up fin out and head sunward. He made 95 barrels of oil.

In six weeks, the Parson saw and struck four large and twelve small whales, and never missed one. This uniform success induced the captain to give him charge of the third mate's boat, in which he killed some half dozen whales, when he had three of his ribs stove in, and was sent ashore at Guam to procure medical assistance, and remained there six months.

Whaling is not unlike war—every lowering is a battle in which all are liable to lose their lives. But the whaler requires more skill and courage than the soldier or the man-of-war's man. He must think and act at the same time—there are no given rules by which he can govern himself, for every whale he attacks is apt to show some new caper, against which he must provide on the instant. Our whalemen, with a little martial training, would make the most formidable sailors in the world; as they are certainly the most intelligent and daring.—Boston Traveller.

PERILOUS ADVENTURE WITH A TIGRESS.

ABOUT a month ago, a bastard named Whitboy Swart, residing in the Zwarte Ruggens, went out at daylight one morning in search of a horse, and while strolling about the neighborhood in which he resides, his attention was attracted towards a bush by the yelping of three young dogs, that had followed him from his home. On approaching the spot to which the sound directed him, he was started by finding that his canine companions had joined a beautifully spotted tigress, that was lying on its back, with which they appeared to be enjoying a very satisfactory romp. Upon perceiving the man, the animal sprang to its feet, and Whitboy, though a noted hunter, and an athletic, bold, and active man, retreated from the spot, being unarmed, except with a small switch or stick; the tigress pursued him, and finding that he lost ground, he resolved on wheeling about and facing the animal, which, with one blow of its paw, tore away part of his cheek, and would, with the violence of the concussion, have knocked him to the ground, had it not been for the support he received from a small bush near him, which prevented him from falling on his back: probably to this circumstance he is indebted for his life, for with the tigress above him he would have been perfectly powerless. Whitboy struck at the savage beast with the switch in his possession, but this also fell from his hand; to preserve his face he now assumed a pugilistic attitude, when the tigress seized hold of his arm; with his other hand he then picked up a stone, which he placed in the jaws of the enraged brute, to prevent his arm from being bitten in two. This done, he next seized his opponent by the throat, and by his great strength threw her down, and placed his knee on the neck; fortunately the dogs, through young, now harrassed the enraged animal, and thus kept its paws engaged. The man then drew his arm out of the jaws of the animal, but when he had almost extricated it, the stone fell out, and the animal seized his hand, which was so severely bitten as to be disabled. With the other he now took the stone, and battered the tigress's nose and teeth. In this position, and in the greatest agony, he was two hours contending with his enemy. He had a knife in his pocket, but the other hand having been rendered helpless, he could not open the blade; he now contrived by main strength to move himself and the tigress to the spot where his switch lay, about six yards off. The struggling of the two combatants became quite terrific—the ground was trampled quite hard, and the spot covered with blood. Reduced to the last extremity, and believing the animal to be in a similar state, he resolved on encouraging the dogs to attack her, while he jumped up and ran off. After running for about 300 yards, he looked round, and found the dogs coming on alone. He then hastened to a farmer's house, to request assistance; they visited the spot and curiously examined the small clumps of trees, but having no dogs on which they could depend, the search was soon given up, and the wounded man conveyed to his home; his wounds were dressed, and he lay in a very precarious state for four weeks, having been twice attacked with lockjaw; his sufferings were intense, one arm being entirely disabled, and the lower parts of his body severely lacerated. He was engaged altogether for two hours and a half. Hopes were, however, indulged, two days before our informant left the locality, that a sound constitution and powerful nerves would sustain him, and that he would ultimately recover from injuries which must have proved inevitably fatal to one of less physical power. The conflict of Whitboy and the tigress will rank amongst the most marvellious adventures with beasts of prey in this country.—*Graham's Town (South Africa) Journal.*

THE GAME OF CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CHAS. W. CRADOCK, Esq., London, C. W.—*Your very* welcome letter and game are at hand; the latter we shall hasten to treat our readers to; the former, upon so interesting a subject, and from one so well qualified to give an opinion as yourself, we avail ourselves of our editorial prerogative (*a la* one Fuller) to lay before them at once; it will be eagerly read:

LONDON, C. W., March 19th, '58.

CHESS ED. CLIPPER—*Sir:* As I have many times encountered some of the leading English players over the board (of course at odds) and being somewhat acquainted with their business affairs, I think I may without presumption venture to state that Mr. Staunton will not, or, perhaps I had better say *cannot*, accept Mr. Morphy's challenge.

1st. Mr. S is engaged in a literary undertaking which requires his presence in England, besides being occupied with other business transactions which cannot be performed by a substitute.

2d. Mr. S. is far advanced in years, and could not reasonably be expected to sacrifice his domestic comforts to play a Chess match 3000 miles away from home.

3d. It is well known to all English players that Mr. S. has long since arrived at the pinnacle of his fame; "his star is set," and he is not by any means as strong as when he played his celebrated match with M. St. Amant. I do not mean by this to infer that Mr. S. does not belong to the first force, but that the anxiety attending his business engagements, his want of practice in even play, and his advanced age would certain disqualify him from bearing the proud title of Champion of England. Buckle, Boden, Der Lasa, or Harwitz, are your men, if you wish a trial of strength with European players.

I am, yours most respectfully,
CHAS. W. CRADOCK,
Prest. of London (C. W.) Chess Club.

T. M. B., Newark, N. J.—"Bully for you!" Who's "top o' the heap" now? Tell 'em? Why we told 'em to discipline you *ad lib.*, and break you of your carelessness—if they could. The XX pounder shall appear under proper auspices. Good resolution, that; keep it as long as you live. To desecrate the Sabbath either for business or pleasure, ultimately recoils upon the offender's own head. Send us *that* variation of your Muzio.

BANQUO.—Any piece you choose, with the full powers of that piece. You may have 10 R's, B's, or Kt's, if you can retain your original ones, and Queen (R, Kt, or B,) all your P's.

H. A. B., Detroit, Mich.—Do so; yet do not feel so much hurried as to send moves based only upon incompetent or unsatisfactory analysis. "Cricketer's" facilities, of which he will courteously avail himself, will go far to counterbalance your disadvantages.

B. W., Jr., Jersey City.—Just so, according to Gunter.

J. H. W., M. D., Saratoga.—Many, many thanks for your pains in enquiring us out, and for your very agreeable and repeated visit.

J. F., Philad'a.—Gem 11, right; Prob. 105, wrong.

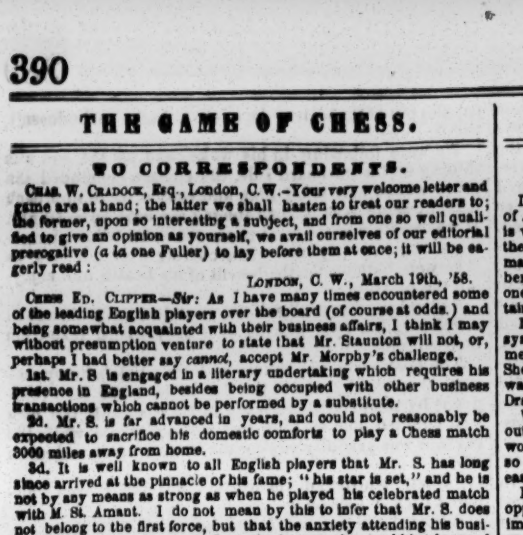
METELLUS, Boston, Mass.—It would have given us the greatest pleasure to have complied with your request, had it reached us as soon even as Saturday evening last; but as we did not get your note until Monday evening, it was already out of our power to do so. It would not have been urged against your wish to the contrary. Accept our regrets.

L. F. B., Cleveland, Ohio.—Just in time. Thank you for sending nothing when you'd nothing to send; but hereafter, we intend you shall have something to send, and that often. Problems on file for examination. One of our private students accepts your challenge, requests you to take the Attack and proceed. See match games. "Vincenzio" will shape the opening, by agreement, into almost any regular game you may please to select.

PROBLEM NO. 107.—BY M. T. POCQUETTE.

Respectfully inscribed to my fellow "Statesman" Louis Paulson, Esq., of Dubuque.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and give mate in five moves.

GAME NO. 107.

Being our late game by correspondence between X. Y. Z., Senior, of Norfolk, Va., and Metellus, of Boston, Mass.

GIUOCO PIANO.

Attack. X. Y. Z.	Defence, Metellus.	Attack. X. Y. Z.	Defence, Metellus.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	13..K B to Q 3	Q B to K 5
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	14..Kt-his 5	P-K B 4
3..K B-Q B 4	K B-Q B 4	15..K B×B	B P×K B
4..P-Q B 3	K Kt-B 3	16..Kt-K 6	Q-K 2
5..P-Q 4 (a)	K P×P	17..Kt×K R	Q R×Kt
6..B P×P	K B-Q Kt 5 +	18..Q B-R 3	Q-K B 3
7..Q Kt-B 3	K Kt×K P	19..K R-K 2	P-Q R 4
8..Castles	K B×Kt (b)	20..Q-her Kt 3	P-Q Kt 3
9..Kt P×B	P-Q 4	21..Q B×Kt (c)	Q×Q B
10..K B-Q Kt 5	Castles	22..P-Q R 4	Q-K B 3 (d)
11..Q-her B 2	Q B-K B 4	23..Q×Q P+, and Metellus resigned the contest.	
12..K R-K sq	K Kt-Q 3		

(a) X. Y. Z. here took up the game, it being played to this point by agreement.

(b) To this point all is "book;" Walker here gives Kt takes Kt, when the game goes on thus:—

8..	Kt×Kt	13..Kt to K 5	P to Q 4
9..Kt P×Kt	K B×P	14..Q-K B 3	Q B-K B 4
10..Q-her Kt 3	K B×R (1)	15..K B-K 6	P-K Kt 3
11..K B×B P+(2)	K-his B sq	16..Q B-R 6+	K-home
12..Q B-K Kt 5	Q Kt-K 2	17..K B-his 7, checkmate.	

(1) Just observe how the Attack is apparently cut up. Our contributor christens this game "the Hornets' Nest."

(2) From this move the stinging commences.

(c) An error; the Attack should have taken P with Q, checking, and then have taken Kt with Q.

(d) He should have played R to K B 4th, and thus have saved his two Pawns.

ENIGMA NO. 107.—BY REV. H. STEVENTON.

WHITE—K at his B sq; B at K Kt 4; P's at K B 2, K 4, and 6, Q B 4, Q R 5, and 6th.

BLACK—K at his R 8; B at Q R sq; P's at K R 5, K 2, Q B 3, and Q R 2d.

White to play and mate in seven moves.

MATCH GAMES.

BETWEEN BOSTON AND PHILADELPHIA.

GAME SECOND—EVANS GAMBIT.

White—Philadelphia.	Black—Boston.
26..P to K Kt 5	K B to Q Kt 3
27..K Kt P × K B P	K R takes P
28..P to Q R 5	R takes K B P

BETWEEN X. Y. Z., SENIOR, AND EN PRISE.

Black—X. Y. Z.	White—En Prise.
21..Q R to Q Kt sq	P to K R 3
22..B to K R 4	K Kt takes P
23..R to K B 3	Q R to K B sq

BETWEEN LOPEZ AND METELLUS.

Black—Lopez.	White—Metellus.
9..K B P takes Q	Q B to K Kt 5
10..Q Kt to B 3	P to Q R 3
11..Q Kt to Q 5	K to Q 2

BETWEEN H. A. B. AND CRICKETER.

White—H. A. B.	Black—Cricketer.
7..P to Q 4	K P takes P
8..B P takes P	K B to Q Kt 3
9..P to K B 3	Q to K B 3

BETWEEN B. W., JR., AND G. H. H.

Black—B. W., Jr.	White—G. H. H.
4..P to Q B 3	K Kt to B 3
5..P to Q 4	K P takes P
6..P to K 5	

BETWEEN ALBANY AND UTICA.

GAME FIRST.—EVANS GAMBIT.

Attack—Albany.	Defence—Utica.
4..P to Q Kt 4	K B takes P
5..P to Q B 3	K B to Q B 4

BETWEEN L. F. B., AND VINCENZIO.

Attack—L. F. B.	Defence—Vincenzio.
1..P to K 4	1..P to K 4

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

A CARD.

PHILADELPHIA, March 18th, 1858.

DRAUGHT ED. CLIPPER—*Dear Sir:* I have succeeded in getting a copy of Anderson's Second Edition on Draughts, and am of opinion that it is well worthy of an attentive perusal. I am at a loss to understand the theory of the move, as laid down in Mr. Patterson's exposition; it may be that it is too complicated for a novice. His system of numbering the board, is indeed beautiful to look at; but, I think, it takes one too far up amongst the big numbers, and will be hard ever to retain so many different figures in the mind.

I enclose for your examination what I would term the correct system of numbering the board, which can be easily traced and remembered, and then we could appreciate the odd and even set. Should your readers approve of the plan, I shall try and bring it forward as a candidate for public favor, should ever another edition of Draughts be published, either in the United States, or Europe.

Will you be kind enough to give me some idea how I could carry out my plan, in the event of your thinking it worthy of notice; I would then attempt to lay the theory of the move before your readers, so that the merest "Tyro" that contributes would understand as easily as some of your professed critics.

I am aware that a new system always will meet with more or less opposition; but when we consider that the spirit of the age demands improvements, then why should Draughts be 250 years behind the go-ahead times? I remain, dear sir,

Yours, &c., BRO. JONATHAN.

A CARD.

PHILADELPHIA, March 20th, 1858.

DRAUGHT ED CLIPPER—*Dear Sir:* Please state the following through your department to Nemo and Know Nothing:

Nemo—Sir: In answer to your's in CLIPPER March 20th, I did not notice the date of your card in CLIPPER Feb. 20th, only the date of the paper; I thought of my mistake after my letter was mailed, but *that* was too late. I make many bungles—I know it. I ask you to excuse this one. I will try to be more careful.

Nemo again—Sir, when we played out Drummond's position, some weeks ago, we considered it could be drawn a number of different ways; but if I remember, we always played 27 to 24, as you say in CLIPPER March 20th. I think it would be hard to draw with any other move.

Know Nothing—Sir: Mr. Hull, having an engagement himself, asks me to answer your's of CLIPPER March 20th. I say we don't wish to interfere with Harry's Whitter game at all until Harry is entirely done with it; whenever we are satisfied of *that*, I say that Mr. Hull draws the game with me (*s-a-s-y* as the boy breaks the jug,) after the 5 to 9 move has been made, and if you can win it, you can either win my money or back me down. I know how I bungle, and I know how easily it is to be deceived—but drive on your cart.

If Harry asks for Mr. Hull's play to come out in the CLIPPER, it will be forwarded to the editor—then beat it if you can. J. F.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CLYDE, New York.—Glad to learn that you are pleased with us. With regard to "hurrying up the game," we find that there is comparatively little difficulty in "opening with sufficient rapidity." "Take your time," as constant care and watchfulness are requisite in order to "close" properly," which of course is the ultimate object.

J. F., Philadelphia.—Your communication has been received.

A. L. HUGGINS, Cumberland, Md.—Solutions of 197 and 198, correct.

SPECTATOR, Buffalo, N. Y.—We will examine that game. Look out for us.

A. S., Wilmington, Del.—Will do so, soon.

Foo Foo, Albany.—Good! You are welcome on board the CLIPPER. Look out for us next week. Position all right—this time.

HARRY, of Buffalo.—Thanks. Will examine and report.

ON THE SQUARE, Williamsburgh, N. Y.—"It's did." We are "on the square."

AUGUSTUS, Winchester, Mass.—Thanks for the game. We will examine and report. We have your communication regarding Harry's "Whilter," and intend to publish it *when we are ready*. As you please about sending further communications to us. The idea of your attempting to enclose in your "embrace of misery" all the draught players in Winchester, and stating that I think they are "not much because they happen not to be favorites of mine," it is really too absurd to require a refutation. See our remarks elsewhere on this point.

ALONZO, Salem, Mass.—Many thanks. Will not make a "public example" of you.

N. GINE, Buffalo, N. Y.—What say you to Alonzo's card?

BROTHER JONATHAN, Buffalo, N. Y.—We confess that your communication has interested us in no small degree. We would suggest the propriety of submitting your system to the investigation of the draught players of the United States and Europe, through the medium of the CLIPPER, which is the "official draught organ of the civilized world!" Shall we publish the diagram in our next?

W. B. C., Chicago, Ill.—Solutions correct. Send us something.

KNOW NOTHING, Lancaster, N. Y.—Thanks for the game. We have three or four more on hand; but as your fame is a "settled thing," you can wait.

NEMO, Princeton, N. J.—A letter addressed to "Alonzo," Salem, Mass., will reach the gentleman bearing the above "nom de plume."

GAME NO. 103.—NEW SERIES.

DEFIANCE.

Played by Correspondence between "Metellus" and "Alonzo."

Black, Alonzo.	White, Metellus.	Black, Alonzo.	White, Metellus.
1..11 to 15	23 to 19	8..15 to 18	22 to 15
2.. 9 14	27 23	9.. 7 11	30 25
3.. 6 11	22 18	10..11 18	26 22
3..15 22	25 9	11.. 2 7	22 15
5.. 5 14	29 25	12.. 7 11	24 20
6.. 4 8	25 22	13..11 18	20 15 (a)
7..11 15	32 27	14..Black wins.	

NOTE.

(a) This loses the game. We give a Position of the men after this move. A very neat ending.

☞ For termination, see Position No. 201, this week.

GAME NO. 104.—NEW SERIES.

THE FIFE.

FORWARDED BY "SPECTATOR."

Black, Harry.	White, Mr. M.	Black, Harry.	White, Mr. M.
1..11 to 15	23 to 19	14..11 to 15	25 to 22
2.. 9 14	22 17	15..23 26	16 11 (b)
3.. 5 9	17 13	16.. 7 16	20 11
4..14 18	19 16	17..26 30	28 24
5..12 19	26 28	18..14 18	22 17
6..19 26	30 5	19..30 25	29 22
7.. 8 11	27 23	20..18 25	17 14
8.. 4 8	32 27	21.. 6 9	13 6
9.. 8 12 (a)	24 20	22.. 2 18	21 17
10..15 19	23 16	23..25 30	17 14
11..12 19	27 24	24..30 25	14 10
12..19 23	24 19	25. 18 23	11 7,
13..10 14	19 16	and White 'cannot make a King.'	

☞ For termination, see Position No. 202.

(a) Here "Harry" left the "Book."

(b) A very verdant move.

(c) At this stage of the game, the air was perfumed with roses and onions! Yours, SPECTATOR.

A CARD.

SALEM, March 18, 1858.

DRAUGHT ED CLIPPER—*Dear Sir:* I was much astonished to find my game re-published in this week's CLIPPER, by "N. Gine," of Buffalo Did he "copy" it from your paper? Can't you get up a match game between "Alick" and "N. Gine?" Do try; the game would be very interesting, no doubt. ALONZO.

POSITION NO. 201.

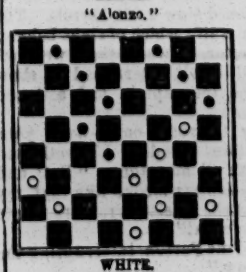
NEW SERIES.

END GAME.

By "Alonzo" and "Metellus."

BLACK.

"Alonzo."



WHITE.

"Metellus."

Black to play and win.

POSITION NO. 202

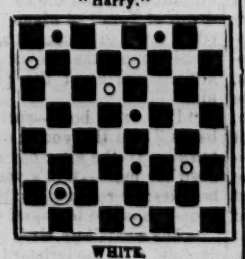
NEW SERIES.

END GAME.

By "Harry" and Mr. M.

BLACK.

"Harry."



WHITE.

Mr. M.

Black to play and "skunk."

Dedicated to Strong Players.

MATCH GAMES

BETWEEN METELLUS AND A. F.

Black—Metellus.	White—A. F.	
12..11	16	18 15
13..14	18	15 6
14..18	25	

BETWEEN P. W. AND GREENHORN.

Black—Greenhorn.	White—P. W.
3.. 8 11	29 25
4.. 4 8	

BETWEEN ON THE SQUARE AND PATRICIUS.

Black, Patricius.	White, On the Square.
1..11 15	22 17

BETWEEN CLYDE AND MACBETH.

White, Macbeth.	Black, Clyde.
1..22 17	11 15
2..25 22	

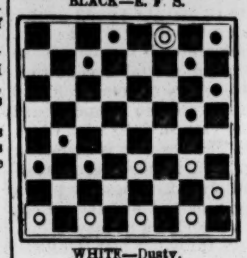
BETWEEN LE DIABLE AND AMERICAN.

Black, Le Diable.	White, American.
1..11 15	23 19
2.. 9 14	26 23
3.. 8 11	

MATCH GAME.

Between Dusty and E. F. S.

BLACK—E. F. S.



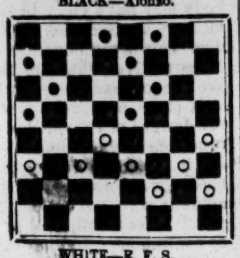
WHITE—Dusty.

White to move.

MATCH GAME.

Between Alonzo and E. F. S.

BLACK—Alonzo.



WHITE—E. F. S.

Black to move.

AMUSEMENTS.

CITY SUMMARY.

Since our last an event has taken place in this city which seems to have made quite a stir both in the religious and theatrical world. This event is nothing less than the holding of prayer meetings, in Burton's old theatre in Chambers street, every day during the past week. The initial services were under the direction of Rev. Theo. L. Cuyler, a minister of the gospel who does not in every instance practice the precepts he would teach others, or he would not have assailed the memory of Judge Kane, father of the lamented Arctic explorer, as he ruthlessly did after the remains of the venerated man were placed in their last resting place. The "Prince of Peace" teaches us to forgive our enemies, but this fanatical leader, this hot-headed Cuyler sets at naught the beautiful example of his Master, and tears open the grave of an honest man so that he may the more readily wreak his vengeance upon all that is left mortal of one whose opinions in life did not accord with his own. When such men preach the gospel, whether in theatres or churches, we are fain to look upon them as "Mawworms," instead of the good men they would have us believe them to be. We have no objections to religious meetings being held in theatres, or in any other places; neither would we object if all who attend such meetings could be induced to lead a more moral and virtuous life thereafter; but we object to see the "Hypocrite" performed in reality, in a theatre, by professed ministers of the gospel. The actors and actresses Mr. Cuyler saw fit to denounce in his initial performance in the temple of Thespis, on the 15th, are, to our mind, better monitors of the public morals than the traducer of the deceased parent of the lamented Explorer of the Northern Regions. We sincerely trust that the revival may not pass without leaving its benign influence upon the saint, as well as the sinner.

The "inevitable Jobson" was about again last week. On the 17th, he delivered a lecture, the subject of which was "Lola Montez and her fancies;" but the thing did'nt make a hit, either morally or financially. On the same evening Lola held forth at the Dutch Theatre in the Bowery, to a house packed with fat women, and buxom German lasses, and valiant disciples of lager bier and sour krout, with their numerous progenies. Lola "took them up tenderly," and tickled their vanity in her usual vein of humor, but never once alluded to "Her Majesty's dentist," which omission on her part was a loss to no one but the aforesaid Jobson; what a forte name it is, by the by. Lola repeated her lecture to the Dutch, but Jobson let his patrons off with a single dose.

He is here! The great Musard, of whose masked balls, and promenade concerts all the world has heard, arrived here on Saturday last, in the steamship Arabia. He is to give us a series of entertainments, on the "European plan," at the Academy of Music. When he gets through here, the Philadelphians, Bostonians, and others, may probably have a shy at him. The little "Jew feller" manages Musard!

The Ravel troupe, after a season of unqualified success at the Boston theatre, have returned to this city, and commenced operations at their old quarters, Niblo's, on Tuesday evening last. This is said to be the farewell engagement of this incomparable troupe, as they intend shortly to retire from the stage forever. Well, we have no doubt but what they have laid up a treasure with which to solace themselves in their old age.

Mrs. Lesdernier, who recently returned here from California, is giving a series of Shakesperean readings; the first of which took place at Hope Chapel on the 23d inst. We wish this deserving lady that success which her merits entitle her to.

Here is a fact worth recording. Our readers well know that we have all along advocated double wages to the supes who do the Sepoys in the terrible battles now nightly waging at the theatres where "Lucknow," and "Cawnpore," are being performed. Well, we understand that Manager Stuart took the same view of the hardships of the "Indian supes" as ourselves, and has allowed them "double time" ever since the success of the piece became a settled fact. No wonder they take their gruel with such seeming good nature. Whether the Sepoys at the National and Broadway fare equally well, we have not ascertained. Wallack's continues as crowded as ever, and the cheering sound of the slogan warms up the enthusiasm of the audience to "concert pitch."

Another death in the ranks. Signor Carlo Jacopi, who went to Havana some time since with an opera troupe, was taken sick there with the *vomito* and died on the 28th ult. He was a member of the "original Jacobs" family in Chatham street, whose store has been closed since the afflicting news reached them. Mr. Jacobs made his *debut* in opera, at the Academy of Music, in this city, some months ago, but not meeting with encouragement, he withdrew after the first night.

The Mormon piece at Burton's continues to grow in favor; and now draws fair houses. It is not a "one horse piece," for all who appear in it have good parts, suited to their respective abilities, and, consequently, each does his or her best to make the play pass off creditably to all. Noggs, and the various Mrs. Nogg's, with their numerous progeny of little Noggses, form another grand "combination of talent" seldom brought together in one theatre. If you wish to enjoy a hearty laugh, by all means go and see "Life in Salt Lake City."

McKean Buchanan closed a brief engagement at the Bowery on the 20th. During the week the house was well filled, and the audiences were well pleased with the Shakesperean impersonations of Mr. Buchanan. A new drama, founded on the recent attempt to assassinate the Emperor of France, is now on; and as it is replete with stirring incidents, death, devastation, and destruction, it suits the east side folks, and "gathers them in" accordingly. A. W. Fenno is up for a benefit on the 24th, when Mr. A. H. Davenport will appear.

The Hutchinson Brothers, gymnasts of European celebrity, arrived here in the Arabia, on the 20th, and are now on the "anxious seat."

Miss Denvil is in the city, prepared to enter into arrangements with managers desirous of availing themselves of her services.

"Oh! here; oh! here; I'll bet yer *thou*-sand dollars" that Bryant's Minstrels are the most laughter-provoking delineators of the black art that ever "blacked up." Go to their hall when we will, something new is always sure to engage our attention. Mr. Howard, a valuable member of this troupe, takes a benefit on Saturday night, 27th inst. He is deserving of a "full."

At Burton's old theatre the revival folks are daily offering up prayers for the conversion of "Billy," the redoubtable owner of the establishment. Let us all "join in" for the redemption of the immaculate "Toodles."

Purdy is doing tip-top with Harry Seymour's version of "Jessie Brown." It is well "mounted;" so are the Sepoy supes.

Laura Keene is trying on that ever-memorable drama, "Jonathan Bradford;" or the Murder at the Roadside Inn." It is well performed, and takes very well.

"Ladies and gentlemen of the profession" are wanted for the Buffalo Theatre, to open April 12. Thos. Carr attends to applicants, at the International Hotel, Broadway.

The equestrian company at the Broadway will soon leave, when a dramatic season it is said will commence, with Mr. and Mrs. Waller as trumps. It is said that Mr. Bateman has leased the house.

AMATEUR THEATRICALS.

THESPIAN DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION gave a performance on Monday evening, March 15, at the theatre in Houston street. Being absent from the city during the past week, we cannot speak of the performances from personal observation. We learn, however, that the entertainment was one of credit and characteristic of the T. D. A.

THE EDWIN FORREST DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION, organized Feb. 28th, has chosen the following named gentlemen as its officers:—J. D. Bilby, manager; J. Westerfield, assistant ditto; J. Cleary, Prest.; J. Beatty and A. S. Cochran, secretaries. They will give their opening performance on or about the first week in April. We wish them success.

We have been invited to attend the benefit of Mr. S. Everett Beckner, to take place at the Chinese Rooms, on Broadway, on Wednesday evening March 31st. Shakespeare's tragedy of "Julius Cæsar" will be performed, with a scene from the tragedy of "Ion," together with the "Maniac," in which Mr. R. Johnston will appear. The play of the "Wreck Ashore" will conclude the evening's entertainment; there is also a garnish of extras. With such a programme, the house will surely be crowded, which we hope will be the case for the sake of the beneficiare. AMATEUR CRITIC.

GENERAL SUMMARY.

Matters and things in Albany are thus shown up by our Albany correspondent: Your correspondent, "Constant Reader," returns thanks for the publication of his last letter, dated March 6th. Since then, the theatre has "gone up;" the dramatic company disbanded, and Manager Smith has been dispossessed of the management, by the owner, Mr. Nichols. * * * Wyman, the necromancer, opened the theatre on Monday, March 8th. His first night was only *so so*, the next *more* so, and only *so so* through the week. On Monday, 15th, he got up a new "dodge," for the "benefit of the firemen," by distributing tickets to all the fire companies, allowing them half the proceeds for all they sold; this "dodge" is to continue through the week. * * * On Monday next, 22d, there is to be a "Sparring Match" by some of the "Fancy." Tom Hyer has been quite a "Lion" for the last week, and was looked upon as a "Rara Avis in Terra." * * * The Beckley's Serenaders are here; they opened on Wednesday, the 17th, to a very fair house; they are announced for three nights only. Their singing is very excellent, but they lack the wit and humor of the "Bryants," who are, in my opinion, the finest of all the Ethiopian companies now performing anywhere. * * * Leavitt's Opera House and Theatre is still going ahead in spite of opposition; the performances are pleasing, and full of fun and merriment, and it is the only place open where you can get a hearty laugh for so small an equivalent, the prices being only 10, 15 and 25 cents admission. Charley Kane and Jerry Merrifield are the comedians; the pieces selected afford each of these popular comedians a comic part in each piece. Miss Celia Morley took her benefit on Wednesday, 17th. Mr. Edward Berry, the Irish comedian, and the very best Irish comic vocalist now before the public, made his first appearance as "Pat Rooney," and sang a number of his best comic songs, and a duett, with Jerry Merrifield, of the "Ballad Mongers;" they kept the audience in a roar of laughter from beginning to end. I understand Mr. Berry is going to California to join Johnson's company, permanently located in San Francisco. M'lle Ernestine, the beautiful and graceful young American danseuse, has become an immense favorite with the patrons of the opera house, by her bewitching dancing. She also sings comic duetts with Jerry Merrifield, which never fail to get a double encore, thus affording her "two strings to her bow." I understand from Mr. Leavitt that he has effected an engagement with Sam Sharpley, the very popular Ethiopian performer, and Pete Lane, who, I believe, is considered the best jig dancer in the world; he is an Albany boy, and must draw crowded houses, from his world renowned popularity.

A Pittsburgh correspondent, under date of March 15, says: "It has been some time since Pittsburgh has had a 'say so' in your columns; so we suppose you will this time throw them open to our use. In the way of theatricals, we have had the Misses Lucille and Helen Weston, who created such a furore in Boston with their 'Three Fast Men,' which certainly is one of the greatest *clap-trap* pieces we have ever had the (*dis*) pleasure to witness. The sisters are certainly beautiful, but they are putting themselves in an unenviable position by playing such pieces as the 'Three Fast Men.' The piece has *no plot, no object, no interest*, and, indeed, *no sense;* but let it pass; they may yet appear in some of your New York theatres, when you will have an opportunity of judging for yourself. * * * With the exception of the above, we have had nothing to amuse us. Foster's new National Theatre is fast approaching completion. During this week the gas will be introduced, when a night and day force will be put to work. Due information will be forwarded you of the opening."

Brougham concluded a very profitable engagement at McVicker's new theatre, Chicago, on the 13th, and was succeeded by Jos. Proctor. The elephants Victoria and Albert have been performing at North's Amphitheatre, to crowded houses. The people want to see the elephants more.

Talking of elephants, by the way, reminds us of our neglect to notice the death of Wombwell's elephant "Chubby," which took place in England recently. It seems that as Wombwell's larger collection of animals was entering Hartlepool, two of the elephants travelling abreast, attached to a large van, "Chubby" either fell or lay down on the ground, and before this was discovered, the horses drawing the van had dragged him a short distance, part of his body becoming "jammed" between the bottom of the van and the ground. He was speedily extricated, and restoratives applied, but the poor animal never rallied, and died where he had fallen, in about two hours. "Chubby" was the animal from the right side of which a tumor was removed, at Hull, a short time since. He has never been quite well since, losing flesh; and last week the right leg was fomented. It is supposed that the cold weather affected him, and hastened his death. He was about twenty years old.

Saloon business, with the amusement feature, is fast becoming popular in all large cities. In Chicago, four concert saloons are now open, and all doing a thriving business, viz: "The Hiawatha," under the management of Nelson Kneass; Colby's (late Emmit's) Varieties; the Apollo; and the Garden City Varieties. In the company at the last named place are Messrs. Thos. Allen, Dean Wilson, De Crowney, Frank Lynch, E. D. Gooding, Charley Lewis, Wm. H. Core, Wm. Parker, Herr Trucing, and Chas. Morris.

George Vandenhoff having at last found a habitation suited to his mind, has removed his family thither. It is situated in Greenfield, Mass.

Morris Brothers, Pell & Trowbridge's Minstrels, in Boston, experience no abatement in the steady stream of patronage which directs its course to their neat and comfortable opera house in School street. Dick Sliter, who is an immense favorite with the Bostonians, is still on the card, and a new burlesque on the circus has just been produced.

The Dublin papers are teeming with enthusiastic notices of a young American actor, named Leland Ravenswood, who has recently appeared in that city. Wonder who the young fellow is. How true it is that many a flower, born to blush unseen in its own native bed, is sure to bloom in all its effulgence when transplanted to some other clime. Let us hope that Leland is a "good egg," and not coming it over our Dublin friends.

Says "Gus," under date of Richmond, Va., March 16, "I always hail Sunday with delight, because on that day I am unencumbered with business or cares, and can sit down, undisturbed, to peruse your ever welcome sheet. In fact, I may say for myself and a score of others I could name, that we reserve the old CLIPPER as a Sunday luxury. On Monday Miss Sallie St. Clair made her *debut* before the Richmond audience, as "Esmeralda," and made quite a favorable impression. Mr. C. Henri, the pantomimist, also made his first bow, as Jack Robinson's "Monkey." Miss St. Clair has, during the week, appeared as Naramattah, in "Wept of the Wish ton-Wish," Marion, in the "Pride of the Market," &c. Mr. Henri on Thursday produced the mirthful pantomime of the "White Statue;" Henri, as "Busy Body," kept the audience in a roar with his tricks, &c; Master Edwin Adams, as "Lubin," and Miss Jennie Slight, as "Rose," with their pantomimic movements gave evidences of their gracefulness, especially in the double dance, which was admirably executed. On Saturday, the "French Spy" and the "Dumb Man of Manchester" was the bill; Miss St. Clair, as the "Spy," acquitted herself in her usual delightful manner. Mr. Henri, as 'Tom,' in the "Dumb Man," took every thing and every body by storm; his description of the murder of his benefactress, before the judge, excelled anything I ever witnessed in the way of pantomime. Miss Phillips, as "Jane" was excellent, as was Mrs. Baker, as "Mrs. Wilton." Mr. Edwin Adams, as "Edward Wilton," was indeed an excellent piece of acting; the part is peculiarly adapted to this young gentleman's style. Mr. W. T. Johnston, as "Crispin Wilter," was very funny; indeed I do not know a young man possessed of more comical abilities, and more unassuming, than Mr. Johnston; with care, study, and close application to comedy, he will soon be ranked among the first comedians of the day. Miss St. Clair remains next week; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Matthews play one week; after them we shall have "Aladdin," in all its glory and brilliant effects. Mr. Joseph Parker has been for the last two months busily engaged in painting the scenery, &c, of which I will give you a full description as soon as the piece is brought out. David, not he that killed Goliah, but David who took a back seat from Savannah, has not been heard from since. I wonder that our "responsible" managers will permit such "actors" as Kames, Taylor, J. H. Kemble, &c; to slip through their fingers, and engage with such a trifling fellow as Allen; I cannot understand it. I wonder if Dave has gone to Memphis. Guess not."

Of matters in Boston, "Thespis" thus holds forth:—At the Museum, "Uncle Tom" is drawing good houses, but they intend to play different pieces, until they bring out a "spectacle" called the "Jewess." .... The Howard is still alive, and doing well..... This is the wind-up week of the Ravels, and I believe they intend to play the whole week without the assistance of the *dramatis personæ* .... Sloat & Sherard's Circus is doing fair, and intend to show for about four weeks; then W. Thorne brings out a "spectacle," of which I shall be able to give you more particulars in my next. The dancing of Wilson, the English clown, is liked much.... Lager beer and prayer meetings are all the go just now, and of course it is hard to say which is coming out ahead.... Eph Horn rather seems to knock the general run of "darkies," by glums; he is a trump card to Ordway.... Sliter still draws at the Morris Brothers.... Mickey Warren was on this way last week; whether he came on to make a match, or for fun, I cannot tell, but I believe he has stepped out somewhere in the mist. "Mr. Kane's Arctic Voyages" has been at the Melodeon this last four weeks, but, wound up last Saturday night with a big pile of talent."

Mr. A. W. Fenno, whose engagement at the Bowery terminates this week, is about to take the ribbons in hand himself, and will open the Springfield, Mass., Theatre, on Monday evening next.

Maggie Mitchell has been playing to capital audiences during the past week in Columbus, Ohio. Of course Maggie couldn't play to poor houses; "taint" as the unlucky bowler would say, "in the power of the pins." Maggie is always enchanting people, and has now bewitched the staid and decorous Charley Foster of the Statesman, who thus tells his experience: "Miss Mitchell will have a good deal to answer for, if she continues playing this part (the 'Maid with the Milking Pail,') in this captivating sort of manner. We are like 'Joey Bagstock,' devilish tough, but we do aver that it is not safe for a great many of the nice young men who go to the theatre every night, to be there. It's a sort of 'Killing no Murder,' this doing execution by fascinating poses and bewitching glances; and Miss Maggie is a perfect little basilisk." We fear Charley is "a case." Maggie's benefit and last appearance took place on the 19th.

Mrs. Macready gave two dramatic readings in Lafayette, Indiana, and advertized to give one or two in Indianapolis; but, becoming disgusted with the town, *left the State.*

Mr. Jas. Dunn, a pleasing vocalist and clever actor, for some time connected with the Arch Street, Philadelphia, has accepted an engagement in Washington, D. C. We hope he has done well.

The second week of Charlotte Cushman's engagement at the Mobile Theatre was somewhat better than the first; although far from commensurate with the talents of the lady. Even on her benefit night, the 14th inst., the attendance was anything but large. That terminated her connection with the Mobilians, and she took her traveling papers, and stepped out. Mr. Cranfrau, who closed a moderately successful intercourse with New Orleans the previous week, succeeded Miss Cushman at Mobile, commencing on the 16th.

A letter from Vienna gives a most favorable account of a new *cantatrice* whose aid has been obtained by Mr. Lumley. The writer says:—"Mdlle Tietjens, of the Vienna Opera, who has a splendid high soprano, is engaged to sing in Her Majesty's Theatre during the months of April, May, and June. The lady will prosably soon be a favorite with the London public, as she has several parts in which she has few equals and no superior. Her Valentine in the *Huguenots* is a masterly performance, and will hardly fail to remind you of the Grisi of former times."

A German theatrical company entertained the citizens of Lafayette, Ind., recently, for "one night only." Mr. Chas. Pfyffe and his company opened out at the same place on the 20th.

John Brougham is performing in Washington this week. We may, possibly, soon expect to see something of a burlesque nature on the doings of the "rulers of the nation," as the result of John's visit to that celebrated fighting ground.

Miss Juliana May made her *debut* at the Philadelphia Academy of Music on the 20th. She was warmly greeted. Juliana seems to have been somewhat frightened at the Quakers, and was thus prevented

from displaying her abilities to the fullest extent. May Juliana's next meeting with the good people of Philadelphia make the interview more "jolly."

At the Boston theatre, and Howard Athenæum, they are playing the last importation, "A Hard Struggle." It's a pretty hard struggle with all the theatres in Boston, just now, owing to a notion the folks have taken for "sports of the lager bier saloons," a perfect mania existing on this point at present.

Miss Sallie St. Clair closed at Richmond, Va., on the 20th. She was much liked. Charles Matthews, who succeeds "Sallie," was to have donned the mits—buskin, we mean, on Monday last. Wonder will the folks like him "down in ole Virginny?"

Mr. Thomas Calhaem (father of Mr. Stainslaus Calhaem), for many years attached to the Liverpool theatres, and latterly under engagement with Mr. Edgar, at the Park Theatre, died on the 19th ult.

Mlle. A——e, the distinguished actress recently deceased, in her will bestowed a legacy of 200,000 francs upon a gentleman with whom she was only slightly acquainted. The following was the reason given: "When unjust calumny assailed my name, I met one day, at the Grand Exhibition, Mons. G., who had a lady of the highest rank upon his arm. Notwithstanding this, he raised his hat, in most respectful recognition of the slandered actress. That salute became recorded in my heart, and subsequently in this, my last will and testament." It's a clever little story, and *may* be true, but we do not vouch for the correctness of the same. In Christian charity, however, let us believe it.

The Marsh troupe, who have been doing well at Spalding and Rogers Amphitheatre, New Orleans, were to be backed up by Donetti's goats, monkeys, and others of the "insect creation."

Mr. and Mrs. Florence still continue their successful career South and West. Since their departure from Burton's, last August, they have experienced a succession of dramatic triumphs—playing to crowded houses in all the principal cities of the Union. On the night of 13th inst., the occasion of their farewell benefit at the Charleston Theatre, they were the recipients of a splendid testimonial at the hands of their friends and admirers in that place—Mr. Florence receiving a silver pitcher and goblet, suitably inscribed, and his lady a magnificent set of jewelry. The latter is thus described by the Charleston Mercury: "The set for Mrs. Florence consists of a bracelet, brooch and ear-rings, of uniform pattern, each bearing a female head cut in shell cameo, with an elegant gold setting, ornamented in Tuscan pattern. They are exceedingly rich and pretty." These *artistes* are at present in Savannah, but will be in Washington by next week. They play in this city during the summer season as usual.

Professor Anderson, the Wizard of the North, is probably by this time on his way to the antipodes, having made an engagement to perform in Australia for six months.

The Charleston theatre "went in" on the 15th, for the winter season, and "came out" rejuvenated, for the spring campaign, on Monday last.

A theatrical company was playing in one of the interior towns of the West, Shakspeare's "Othello;" and when Othello demanded of Desdemona "the handkerchief! the handkerchief!" a green 'un called out, impatiently: "Never mind the handkerchief; don't wait for that; blow your nose with your fingers, and go ahead."

Miss Avonia Jones is playing at the St. Charles, New Orleans. The season terminates with her engagement on the 28th.

Mrs. Hudson Kirby took a benefit at the Boston Theatre on the 22d, and Mr. Edwin Booth's engagement commenced on the following evening, supported by Mrs. Kirby.

Miss J. M. Davenport is underlined to appear at Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati. Thalberg and Vieux Temps announced two concerts for the 22d and 23d inst., at Smith & Nixon's Hall, Cincinnati.

A private letter received from Savannah, Ga., says that Mrs. Logan was really dead.

Captain James Turner delivered his "fast" lecture in Boston, on the 19th.

The Worcestor (Mass.) Theatre has been engaged for a short season for daily prayer meetings. We expected as much. The folks in that place need praying for.

Major James N. Barker, who was in the frontier war of 1812, and was the author of the successful drama of "Marmion," the tragedy of "Superstition," and the comedy of "Smiles and Tears," died at Washington on the 9th inst.

Mrs. Fanny Kemble has been giving her readings in New Haven to large and fashionable audiences.

E. A. Marshall is the present lessee of the Varieties (late Crisp's Gaiety) theatre, New Orleans. The Ronzani ballet troupe are there, under the capable management of Mr. Wardle Corbyn, of Niblo's Garden.

Tom Thumb came near being cut up into still small parcels while riding in a cab, in Dublin, Feb. 19. The horse ran away with the cab and its contents; upset the vehicle; spilled Tom, who escaped, however, with a hard "shaking up." The attendant was severely injured whilst protecting Thomas. Talking of little people, we see it stated that Miss Sarah Roberts died at Madron, Eng., recently, aged ninety years. Deceased, a local celebrity, known generally as "Little Sarah," is supposed to have been the smallest woman in England, and was only two feet ten inches high. Dwarfs, as a rule, are deficient in intellect, but "Little Sarah" was quite an exception; she was an intelligent woman, and, possessed of an extraordinary memory, could relate the time and manner of every local circumstance that had transpired from her childhood to near the end of her long life.

Frank Pastor, the American rider, was performing in Birmingham, with Pablo's Circus; Jim Myers, clown, was also with the company; on his benefit night, he gave away four sheep, by lot, to the audience.

Wallet, the Snakesperean jester, was performing with Howe & Cushing's Circus, in Manchester. Business was not as good as had been expected.

Sanford is giving a burlesque on Rice's Dream of Chivalry, at Philadelphia. He has also made an engagement with Miss Agnes Sutherland, the Scottish Nightingale. The benefit season is approaching. On the 27th, Mr. E. F. Dixey, the bone player, leads off, and on Thursday evening, April 1, the well-known and favorite Cool White has a benefit. We wish them all success.

The Georgina Hodson troupe, now called the "New Orleans English opera company," recently performed at Macon, Geo., under the management of D. R. Allen; they are now at Columbus. Is this the Allen that left his company all in the lurch lately?

The Keller troupe were at Ralston Hall, Macon, Geo., last week.

J. A. Leonard, "the celebrated tragedian," was to have made his first appearance with Birch's Minstrels, at St. Louis, on the 15th, in a grand scene from Damon, Mr. Leonard doing the hero, to Billy Birch's Lucullus.

In Wolverhampton, Eng., stands the Theatre Royal, which is situated in Garrick street; in the same street is the Garrick's Head; at the end of the street is the Shakspeare Inn; and next door lately resided a person of the name of Shakspeare.

Miss Angela Sefton is announced to appear in Providence next Monday. Angela may probably suit the folks there, for she can give them a little of everything, acting, singing, dancing, bayonet exercise, etc., and all for the low price of 25 cents; children in arms not admitted.

The horses don't draw pretty well at the National, Boston. Mr. Thorne is preparing a company for the dramatic season, which commences on the 5th of April. It is said that R. Johnston, now at the Bowery, is to do the heavy work, and Harry Jordan the low comedy business.

They are playing "Asmodeus, or the Little Devil," at Wheatley's Arch Street, Philadelphia, with Miss Susan Denin as the "Little Devil." Susan will doubtless do the part justice.

A paragraph is going the rounds to the effect that Edwin Forrest has followed the example of Orville Gardner, Boss Harrington, and others, and joined the church. This rumor, however, "needs confirmation strong as proofs of holy writ," in the absence of which we pronounce the originator of the charge a "falsifier of facts." The "eminent tragedian" is stopping at his home in Philadelphia for rest, "after his recent severe indisposition" in Cleveland. In this connection, we might state that brother Beecher made his first appearance on the stage at Burton's, on Saturday last. He draws as well on the stage as in the pulpit.

Julia Dean Hayne is at Nashville, Tenn.

The Savannah theatre is up for a MANAGER. Where are they all? Can't they muster courage to take a good company there? It is a "sure pop" for any one who conducts it in a proper manner.

The "Merchant's Steed" has proved a good nag for the National, Cincinnati. The bills say it is played to "crowded and delighted audiences." We hope there's some truth in it.

Lemons thus "goes in" concerning amusements in Baltimore, of date March 20:—"As we have three places of amusement open at present, I will drop you a few lines about each. Holliday Street has been doing well with Edwin Booth for two weeks; last night his complimentary benefit came off, when nearly every seat in the dress circle was sold before twelve o'clock, and it was beyond all doubt the largest audience of the season. This afternoon a performance will be given for the benefit of the Ladies' Mount Vernon Association, in which Booth and the company will appear. Maggie Mitchell commences on Monday next, March 22. Maggie's style takes well here, and Manager Ford will have a full treasury during her engagement. ....At the Museum, Warden's Burlesque Troupe have been playing for two weeks. The bills announce them as the "most superb performers in the country," but the people think different, and it is beyond doubt the poorest apology for a troupe that has ever appeared here. The only one in it worth mentioning is Frank Weston who, the bills say, "is the best delineator in the profession." Frank is a pretty good performer, but he has much to learn before he can be compared with others whom we have been accustomed to, among whom is Harry Lehr, late of Kunkel's troupe, but at present with Ramsey and Newcomb's Campbells Minstrels. Harry's style of acting is familiar to every one in this city, and he is the favorite bone player here. If Messrs. Rumsey & Newcomb would come this way, Harry's popularity would be sure to draw.....Mat Peel's Campbell's Minstrels commenced at the Maryland Institute on Tuesday, and have drawn good houses. Their instrumental performers are excellent; Farrenberg and Adams, tenor singers, were well received, but the vocal department, as a general thing, was not equal to that of the late Kunkel Troupe. Master Tom Pell is one of the best jig dancers that has appeared for some time; Mat Peel and Mooré, as the "funny fellows," kept the audience in a roar; Converse, the banjo player, is a great performer. The challenge offered in last week's CLIPPER that he would play any one for $500 excites some attention here, and there is a talk among Wm. Penn Lehr's friends of accepting it. Nothing can be done, however, until Penn (who is with Birch's Minstrels in St. Louis) is heard from."

PICKING UP POTATOES.—Our up country friends have had some sport recently in trying the potatoe feat. On the 13th, at Old Paltz, Ulster Co., a man attempted the feat of picking up 100 potatoes, placed three feet apart, and returning them to the basket. He accomplished the feat in 58 minutes, and won thereby a purse of $4.

A similar feat was tried at Rondout, and completed in 57 minutes.

FATAL AFFRAY AT MONROE HALL.

Shooting and Death of "Paudeen."

ARREST OF THE PERPETRATOR.

ABOUT half past three o'clock on Saturday morning an encounter took place at the dance house of Butt Allen, No. 23 Howard Street, between Patrick McLaughlin, *alias* "Paudeen," and Daniel, *alias* Daddy Cunningham, in which the former was shot through the body by a pistol in the hands of the latter.

Cunningham's version of the affair, which seems also to be corroborated by some other persons present, is to the effect that he, Cunningham, went into the dance house, No. 23 Howard street, kept by Butt Allen, in company with some friends, about half past twelve o'clock, on Friday night, remaining several hours dancing and flirting with the females. He saw Paudeen there, but being at enmity with him, did not take any notice of him. About three o'clock Saturday morning, Paudeen and Cunningham met at Allen's bar room, when Paudeen commenced talking about Johnny Morrissey, in a very abusive and disparaging manner. Cunningham, being a very warm friend of Morrissey's, told Paudeen that he had better reserve his abuse until Morrissey should be present. Paudeen became still more violent in his language, and said that he could lick any friend of Morrissey's. Considerable conversation passed, when Paudeen at length advanced towards Cunningham, as though he would attack him. Cunningham being physically inferior, several times warned him to keep away from him, as he was not able to fight him; adding, "if you come near me, I shall hurt you;" at the same time retreating from him. Paudeen caught hold of him, but the by-standers interfered, and separated them without a blow. Paudeen then said, "I'll meet you to-morrow, and slap your face for you." Cunningham then replied, "I guess you won't." Paudeen then exclaimed, "God d—n you, I'll do it now!" Cunningham tried to get around behind the bar, and partially succeeded, when Paudeen reached over and took him by the collar. Cunningham became enraged, and cried out several times, "let go of me, or I'll kill you." Paudeen still maintained his hold, but no blows were struck. At the third warning, Cunningham drew a pistol and shot Paudeen in the upper part of the breast. Paudeen relaxed his hold and fell to the floor, cursing and groaning. Cunningham proceeded to the Fifth Precinct Station House and stated that he had shot Paudeen in self defence, and gave himself up.

Paudeen was conveyed to the New York Hospital as soon as possible, and placed under the care of Dr. Dubois. Efforts were made to find the ball, but they proved unavailing. The bullet entered the sternum, a little to the left side, and probably lodged in the lung. The wounded man appeared to suffer intense agony, and failed rapidly during the morning. At 11 o'clock Dr. Dubois was of opinion that his patient could not live more than a few hours. Paudeen was then quite weak, could speak but little and was in great agony.

The news of the shooting of Paudeen created an intense excitement, and upwards of a thousand anxious inquiries were made at the Hospital relative to the condition of the wounded man. During Saturday night and Sunday morning Paudeen continued to sink gradually, notwithstanding every exertion by means of stimulants, &c., was made by Dr. Dubois to rally the patient. Towards noon on Sunday Paudeen was easier, and a slight change for the better was perceptible. The surgeon then gave it as his opinion that if the wounded man would live twenty-four hours longer there was a chance of his recovery.

Coroner Gamble several times visited the patient, and asked him if he would like to make any statement under oath concerning the affair, when he replied in the negative, and said that it was entirely unnecessary for him to do so; there were plenty of witnesses to the occurrence. The patient was then suffering great agony, and expressed a belief that he would never be able to rise from his bed. Some of his friends present endeavored to console him by saying that there was yet a chance of his recovery; but Paudeen refused to listen to all such consolation, saying he would be a dead man before twenty four hours. "It's no use trying to deceive me," he exclaimed, "I feel that I have got to die. I will be dead before to-morrow." During the day the wounded man was visited by Jim Turner, Johnny Lyng, Harvey Young and others, who denounced the act of Cunningham as mean and cowardly. They claim that he was not justified in making use of a deadly weapon, that no blow was struck by Paudeen, and that the mere fact of his pulling Cunningham by the coat collar was not a sufficient excuse for the use of the pistol on the part of the latter. On the other hand, the Morrissey crowd were not slow in manifesting their sorrow at the incarceration of Cunningham, and flocked to the station house where he was confined, for the purpose of offering him their consolation. There they expressed themselves satisfied that the case was one of justifiable homicide, and that the public at large should feel grateful to the prisoner for the part he took in ridding the community of such a dangerous character as Paudeen McLaughlin.

Paudeen relapsed into a state which admitted of no hope, on Monday morning, and at half-past nine o'clock he breathed his last.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF PAUDEEN.

McLaughlin, it is generally supposed, was born in Ireland; but this is an error. His birth-place is Cohoes Falls, near Lansingburg, on the Hudson River. He came to New York at an early age, and from the time of his manhood he has been well known as one, who, upon the slightest provocation, would not hesitate to do anything bad, no matter how mischievous or malicious it might be. He was a terrible man to encounter in a fight, for he would not stop at any means to wound or maim his antagonist. Some years ago Paudeen became embroiled in a quarrel with Mike Murray, (now Alderman of the First Ward,) when he was deprived of the larger half of his nose, disfiguring him for life.

In 1852, he left for California, but on the way thither, having committed a savage assault upon a passenger, he was obliged to secrete himself on the steamer, and subsequently to hide at Panama to escape the vengeance of the passengers. He stopped at Panama, and after about nine months, Paudeen found it convenient to leave Panama and returned again to New York. In 1855 he perpetrated a cowardly assault upon Mayne Lecraft, a citizen of the Eighth Ward, breaking the jawbone of the latter, and otherwise disfiguring his face. For this offence Paudeen subsequently suffered one years' confinement in the penitentiary at Blackwell's Island. About the time of the assault on Leacraft, Paudeen became a deadly enemy of Bill Poole, and we next find Paudeen engaged in the commission of a cowardly assault upon a bar-keeper in Bill Poole's saloon, corner of Broadway and Howard street. Paudeen, in company with one of his associates, went in there for the ostensible purpose of having a drink, but really to have a fight with Poole. The latter was not in when Paudeen called, so he called for a couple of "whiskey skins," and the minute the bar-tender laid the glasses containing the liquor upon the counter, he snatched up one of them and threw the scalding contents in the eyes of the unoffending man, injuring him severely. About this time Paudeen made an attempt to take the life of Tom Hyer. The parties met in Dick Platt's saloon, at the corner of Broadway and Broome street, when Paudeen discharged a pistol at Hyer, but luckily without effect, as the ball from the weapon did no further damage than shattering a mirror which hung over the bar. For that attempt on the life of Hyer, Paudeen was indicted by the Grand Jury; but the case never came to trial. In January, 1856, Paudeen and Jim Hughes became engaged in a deadly conflict at the saloon of Johnny Lyng, corner of Broadway and Canal street. The belligerents fought across a table with knives, cut each other severely, and then drew their pistols; but before they had time to discharge them, some of the friends of both parties separated them. Baker was present during the fight, and it was owing to his exertions mainly that Paudeen was prevented from killing Hughes. About the same time Paudeen became involved in a difficulty with a man named Allen, at a dance house in Church street, formerly kept by Cyrus Shay, called the Senate. On that occasion Paudeen bit off the nether lip of his antagonist, maiming him for life. Paudeen is next heard of at Stanwix Hall, on the eventful morning of 25th of February, 1855, when Bill Poole was fatally wounded. In that tragedy he took a most active part, and was one of the most important characters before the public during the long and memorable excitement attending that bloody drama. He was, no doubt, the chief instigator in the difficulty between Poole and Baker, and it was owing to his exertions mainly that the affair was brought to a fatal termination.

Of the futile attempts made to bring Paudeen to punishment for his participation in the Poole murder our readers are familiar. After remaining in prison nearly a year he was at last discharged; but as we have already stated, he was subsequently convicted of the assault on Mr. Leacraft and sent to the Penitentiary, from which he had emerged but a few weeks when he became engaged in this his last difficulty. McLaughlin was about thirty-five years of age. Of Daniel Cunningham we know but little. He is small sized man, lightly built, and among "professional men" might be termed a good specimen of the "feather weights." Knowing his inability to cope with such men as Paudeen, he always went armed, ready and willing at any moment to protect himself with the pistol. For Morrissey, Cunningham has the most undying friendship. This has been the means of drawing him into frequent fights, but the little champion always came out best. Cunningham does not weigh more than 100 pounds, and is but five feet four inches in height, yet so great is his animal courage, that he was never known to back down even before such a man as Hyer. Daddy is well known among fighting men as one of the most plucky and saucy members of the "feather weights."

CANINE.

A TREAT FOR THE CANINE FANCY.—A great handicap rat match, for a handsome silver goblet, will come off at Harry Jennings' Sportsman's Hall, 49 Madison street, on Tuesday evening, March 30, at eight o'clock—open to all dogs not exceeding 21 pounds weight; the dogs to be fairly handicapped as follows: dogs under 10 pounds to kill four rats each; dogs under 15 pounds to kill five rats each; and dogs not exceeding 21 pounds weight to kill six rats each. H. J. will introduce his small brace of black and tan terriers; the two will not exceed the extraordinary weight of five pounds, and will kill rats on this occasion. The dog Frank will be shown on this night only, being the week previous to his encounter for two hundred dollars. A collar will be awarded for dogs that run the gamest at the Prairie wolf, Mexican pig Dennis, coon, &c. The musk cat and ferret will kill a few rats also. There will be several interesting sets to between Yankee Sullivan and Bull, Captain and Lurcher, Drunkard and the Lad, the Bulldog and Spring, and the wind-up will be between the two 17 lb. dogs Little Red Jack and Paul. All dogs must be entered and weighed by seven o'clock the same evening. H. J has a good supply of rats, and a rat pit gratis for the accommodation of gentlemen to try their little ones. Rats six cents each on this occasion, and the rats for the match free. Doors open at half-past seven, and to commence killing at eight precisely. Admission, 25 cents.

RAT KILLING IN PHILADELPHIA.—The match of rats between J. H. S.'s dog Jerry, and D. L.'s bitch lady, came off on the 11th, Jerry's time being 3:17, and Lady's 7:27.

On the same evening the trial between D. L.'s dog Spring, and Crib, of Germantown, took place, Spring winning in one round of 40 minutes.

WHERE'S THE ST. LOUIS $1000 DOG?—Chicago, March 19th.—MR. EDITOR: In your last number I notice a challenge from Wm. C. Greaves, St. Louis, to fight a 35 pound dog, give or take one pound, for the sum of five hundred or one thousand dollars. I have a dog of that weight that I will fight for the above sum, and give him his choice as to the amount, but for not less than five hundred, and as much more as he pleases; the fight to come off any time in May that he will mention. I will pay his expenses for the fight to come off in Chicago. If he accepts the above, let him send a forfeit of two hundred and fifty dollars to the Editor of the CLIPPER, and I will cover it immediately. EUGENE SULLIVAN, Chicago, Ill.

CHALLENGE.—Bloomfield, N. J., March 20.—I will fight the Bloomfield dog against Billey Barns' Philadelphia dog, 39½ lbs., give or take ½ lb., as there has been a deal of talk about his dog. If this is not accepted, I will fight him against the Newark dog, the Patterson dog, or the Yonkers dog, 39½ lbs., give or take ½ lb.; or I will fight him against Langan, his own weight, to fight in New York in 4 or 5 weeks from making the match. I shall be at Harry Jennings', 49 Madison street, on Monday evening, the 4th of April, where I shall be prepared to make the match; to fight for $100 or $200 a side.

HARRY REEKER.

THOMAS CHAFFERS states that it will be useless for any one to challenge his dog Jack, 34 lbs. weight, for any amount less than $1000 a side, the fight to come off next fall. On these terms he is open to the United States. A deposit left with the Editor of the CLIPPER will be attended to.

PEDESTRIANISM.

YOUNG SPORT'S PEDESTRIAN BENEFIT.—In accordance with notice given in the CLIPPER, quite a number of persons assembled at the Circus in the Bowery, on the 17th inst., on the occasion of the benefit of Young Sport, who announced three prizes to be given to the fastest runners at three different races. The events of the evening commenced with a foot race, distance one mile, for which the following named pedestrians entered; the time made by each is also appended:

ONE MILE RACE.

Runners.	Time.	Runners.	Time.
Francis Attinalli	4:59	Wm. Townsend	5:40
Langstaff	5:00	McCort, Yankee Boy	5:36
Holland	5:00		

Resulting in the triumph of Attinalli.

A match dance between Teddy Toole, Thompson, and others, followed the foot race; at the conclusion of which a foot race took place of

FIFTEEN CIRCUITS OF THE RING.

The following is the order and time in which the race was run:

Runners.	Time.	Runners.	Time.
Lugar	1:47	Wilson	1:38
Langstaff	1:40	Megarigal	1:38
Warden, (Philad'a.)	1:53	Holland	1:37
Donnelly	1:50	McCort	1:45
American Boy	2:02	Amos Saunders	1:47
Davids	1:58	Attinalli	1:44

Won by Holland.

TWO MILE RACE.

Runners.	Time.	Runners.	Time.
Langstaff	11:00	Attinalli	10:45
Young Sport	10:09	"Indian"	11:36

The prize, which was won by Young Sport, was then handed to Attinalli, as Young Sport waived all claim to the prize. The entertainment closed with singing by Messrs. Boole and Turner.

A CHANCE FOR TEN-MILE RUNNERS.—T. A. Scott, of Boston, the well-known pedestrian, having leased the Agricultural Fair Grounds, in Boston, for Fast Day next, is about getting up a splendid Belt, which, together with a purse of $10, will be given to the best ten-mile runner. For several months past there has been considerable talk between the respective friends and backers of the pedestrians of Boston, East Cambridge, and vicinity, as to who is the best ten-mile runner. This will give them all an opportunity to see who is the best man. Also, a Silver Goblet will be given to the best mile runner; and for a variety of sports, there will be a Silver Cup given to the best stone-thrower, and another to the best jumper, on three standing jumps. Entries free to all the above matches. Entries can be made by letter, or in person, to James Ennis, No. 75 Eliot street, Boston, Massachusetts, at any time before the 30th of March.

ANSWER TO SCOTT'S CHALLENGE.—Lynn, March 22, 1858.—I saw a challenge to me, a few weeks' ago, from T. A. Scott, of Boston, to run me five miles for $100 a side, I giving three hundred yards' start. I think Mr. Scott wants to be on the safest side of the bush; but I will give him one hundred and fifty yards' start in five miles, and run him within two months, for all the money he may wish for. Yours truly, LYNN BUCK.

PLANK FEAT.—John Grindell completed the feat of walking 100 hours on a plank, without rest, at a saloon in Boston, on the 19th inst. Grindell has returned to this city, and expresses himself well pleased with the many attentions received by him while in Boston.

TEN MILE FOOT RACE.—On Monday next, a foot race is to come off at the Red House, Harlem, between Francis Attinalli, and Francis Bethel, for $50. The distance to be run is ten miles. The men will start between 2 and 3 o'clock P. M.

INVENTIONS, &c.—For a long time it was impossible to procure anything except the razor by which superfluous hair could be removed. However, by close study and experiment, Dr. Gouraud has succeeded in producing his famous Poudres Subtiles, by which the hair can be eradicated without the least injury whatever to the skin. The Doctor is always experimenting, and by this means is continually bringing into public notice something new and valuable in the Toilet line. See how popular his Italian Medicated Soap has become—and why? Simply because it is invaluable for the removal of pimples, freckles, tan, and other disfigurements to which the skin is liable. Any thing in this line you may need, can be procured of Dr. Gouraud, No. 67 Walker street, first store from Broadway; in Philadelphia, of T. R. Callendar, No. 88 South Third street; and in Boston, of J. B. Bates, 129 Washington street.

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Doors open at 6. To commence at 7½ o'clock. Tickets, 25 cents.

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OPPOSITE FRANKLIN MONUMENT,
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The above Company commence their Series of Unique Burlesque Ethiopian Melanges on MONDAY EVENING, January 4th, 1858, and will continue every evening and Saturday afternoon during the season. The hall has been beautifully fitted up, and the Managers pledge themselves that no pains shall be wanting on their part to render this the place of amusement for the play-going public.
Cards of admission, 25 cents; children under ten years, 15 cents.
Doors open at 6½ o'clock; performance commencing at 7½
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MY CARDS ARE SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHER MANUFACTURERS' as to quality of paper and styles of advantage; all others are old, played out, and "dilapidated;" everybody knows them, and it is nothing but downright foolishness for a modern sport to use them. Not so with mine—they are new, original, unique, inimitable, and indefatigable; there is nothing about them to excite suspicion, (which can't be said of other manufacturers',) but yet as definite by their backs as by their faces. The prices are according to quality, and I will sell the same quality of card, with superior points of advantage, for 75 cents, that other makers charge one dollar for. All my cards I send at my expense. There are some half dozen styles of California Lottery, but mine is the original, having been copied from the first cloth ever made. The Three card Monte Boxes are something I got up myself, and all others that make them thereby steal the result of my ingenuity. But "let 'em rip," I can "grin and bear it," for all I ask is a clear stage and no favor; and I will convince the most incredulous that I can give them better bargains in the skinning tool line than any other manufacturer in this country.
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LIFE AND BATTLES OF
HENRY PEARCE,
SCIENTIFICALLY DENOMINATED
THE GAME CHICKEN,
(THE BROUGHTON OF HIS TIME,)

And one of the most heroic and humane CHAMPIONS OF ENGLAND, who not only added fresh laurels to the title, but never *lost* that distinguished appellation, till it was wrested from him by that Conqueror of Conquerors—Death!

CONTINUED.

Elias Spray, the coppersmith, who had distinguished himself as a pugilist in Bristol, now entered the lists with the Chicken. Spray had a good character, and a considerable display of science was expected by the amateurs. The day appointed for the meeting to take place was on Monday, March 11, 1805, at Hampton-court, but, fearing something like an interruption, they agreed to cross the water, and decide the contest upon Mofesworth-meadow. Considerable confusion took place in finding vehicles to convey the numerous followers across the river, where several not only experienced a good ducking, but some narrowly escaped drowning, in their eagerness to reach the destined spot. At length, everything being completed, Pearce, attended by Maddox and Hall, as his second and bottle-holder, entered the ring, 20 feet square, when he threw up his hat in defiance. Spray soon made his appearance, followed by Wood as his second, and Mountain as bottle-holder. The bettors were on the alert, and offered seven to four on Pearce; and even bets were sported that the contest did not continue 25 minutes; and also that the Chicken was not vanquished in thirty.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. Several feints took place, but Spray not minding his distance, hit short; when the Chicken, taking advantage of his fault, put in a severe blow, and Spray was levelled.

2. Several good hits exchanged—Spray gave the Chicken a severe blow upon his breast; Pearce rallied, and in the event, Spray received a knock-down blow. Nine to four upon the Chicken.

3. A good round, Spray full of courage, and stood up heroically. Closed and both fell.

4. Spray too hasty, and out of distance again; his blows all thrown away. The Chicken gave Spray a cross-buttock.

5. Spray distressed already—the Chicken bang up, flourishing with all the graces of science, and showing himself off to prime advantage, went in and knocked the Coppersmith down, and smiled at his weakness.

6. Both well engaged, and several good blows passed—Spray put in a desperate hit upon the Chicken's stomach; the Chicken rallied, and threw his man very neatly.

7. The Chicken was considerably affected by Spray's stomacher, made a hit, but failed in the attempt. Odds fell some little.

11. Nothing material occurred in the last four rounds, but the Chicken had the advantage.

12. Spray went in with spirit, and put in some severe blows, but his distance was incorrect; however, he brought the Caicken down by a terrible hit on the nose.

13. The Chicken covered with blood—Spray much distressed, and, in making a hit, fell.

14. Pearce, full of game, put in a most severe blow upon his antagonist's jaw, that fears were entertained he had broken it; Spray fell in consequence of its severity! Ten to one on Pearce.

15 Spray stood up to his man boldly, and received a leveller from the Chicken.

16. Courage manifested well on both sides; and Spray put in some well directed hits In closing, Pearce gave him a cross-buttock.

17. Spray on the decline; attempted to rally; but received a most desperate blow upon his temple, that nearly deprived him of his recollection, and which spoilt him for the remainder of the fight. The last five rounds upon the part of Spray were little better than stupidity.

23. All in favor of the Chicken. Twenty to one, but no takers.

24 Spray again showed himself, but his efforts were feeble indeed. The Chicken smiled at his weakness; yet, the Coppersmith showed considerable skill, and continued it to the

27. But no fighting—Spray levelled as soon as he appeared.

28. Spray could scarcely stand, but wished to have another chance, and endeavored to face his opponent. It was all up with the Coppersmith, the Chicken hit him in any part that he liked, and knocked him off his legs.

29 and last. Spray stood up, but only to be ridiculed. The Chicken pointed at him in derision, and put in another leveller—when Spray gave it in.

The contest lasted 35 minutes, when the Chicken, full of gaiety, jumped over the ropes,—and accepted of a challenge from Cart, a Birmingham pugilist, of some notoriety, for fifty guineas. The stakes were instantly made good, and they agreed to fight within six weeks. The Chicken laid upon the ground for a few minutes, and then started for town, full of spirits.

On Saturday, the 27th of April, 1805, the day appointed for Cart to enter the lists with the Chicken, the parties met at Shepperton-common, near Chertsey, in Surrey. The superiority of the Chicken was so manifest, that Cart had not the least chance whatever, although six feet three inches and a half inches in height; and it would only be a waste of time and paper to give the rounds in detail. Suffice it to observe, that after a contest of thirty-five minutes, in which twenty-five rounds took place, Cart, from his whilcance of the art, received a most terrible milling; the Chicken, on the contrary, the science of the Chicken protected him so securely from the attacks of his adversary, that he scarcely had a mark visible.

The above pugilistic rivals were mere tyros, compared with one who now came forward to contend for the laurels—and it appears that Gulley was so great a favorite with several of the amateurs, that it was agreed he should be immediately liberated from *durance vile*, and his debts discharged, that he might fight the Chicken. This was accordingly put into practice by Mr. Fletcher Reid, and Gulley was sent into training at Virginia-Water, about two miles beyond Egham. It appears that Gulley was scarcely known in the metropolis, having never appeared or distinguished himself as a pugilist; and that he was excited to a trial of skill from a casual friendly sparring match with the Chicken, in which he planted some severe hits, from which circumstance, his ambition prompted him to think that he could beat Pearce. Notwithstanding the great reputation of the Chicken, who, for courage, science, and bottom, stood unrivalled, Gulley flattered himself with the thoughts of victory.

The friends of the Chicken, who had upon all occasions found him game, readily came forward and backed him for six hundred guineas to four hundred, to fight on Saturday, the 20th of July, 1805. Various rumors were now afloat among the Fancy, and the sporting world were somewhat divided as to the issue of the contest. Virginia-Water was the appointed rendezvous, and thither the company repaired; but it being understood that the fight would take place at Cobham, about three miles farther, the company was off in all directions, to obtain good places. A ring was made at Cobham, and nothing wanted but the combatants to enter it, to gratify the longing eyes of the spectators. But John Bull had more disappointments to contend against; some talked of a cross—others that it was a mixed up concern—and several of the would-be intelligent, prognosticated that no fight would take place that day. While this parley was going on, it was buzzard about that the magistrates had got scent, and it became necessary to broom towards Blackwater, a few miles beyond Bagshot. This step determined on, the whole cavalcade were off like a shot—but upon their arrival at Blackwater, the gammon was again pitched about a cross; and Mr. Fletcher Reid, being assured that most of the bets were off, determined there should be no mill. But to prove the fallacy of such assertions, Berkeley Craven and Mr. Mellish publicly offered to support the Chicken to any amount; and said they should feel no hesitation in permitting Pearce to fight six hundred guineas to five only, they felt so much impressed with his integrity and courage. This balk increased the anxiety of the Fancy in general, and stories out of number were in circulation; but the bets kept in favor of Chicken, and the odds given upon his side. At length, the important day arrived (Tuesday, October 8, 1805,) which had kept the sporting men so much upon the alert for some time past—and all the admirers of the pugilistic art that could quit the metropolis set off for Hailsham, a small village, situate between Brighton and Lewes, in Sussex. The spectators were immense, and the Downs literally covered with equestrains and pedestrians, in eager pursuit from the above fashionable watering-place, to witness the mighty conflict. On a green adjoining the above village, a twenty-four feet rope ring was made, and, at one o'clock, Gulley entered, with Tom Jones for his second, and Dick Whale as his bottle-holder; immediately followed by the Game Chicken, attended by Clarke as his second, and Joe Ward, as his bottle-holder.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. The Fancy were never more attentive, or anxiously interested, than upon the present occasion, and every look of the combatants was turned to account. Gulley had come well recommended, and he was gazed upon with more than ordinary degree of concern; when, after some little manœuvring, he made a tremendous hit at the Chicken, but lost his distance. Pearce, always prepared, knocked Gulley down. The Chicken three to one.

2. Gulley, upon the alert, gave the first hit, which the Chicken sharply returned, and Gulley fell.

3. The Chicken aimed a blow at his opponent's head, but it fell short. Gulley made a hit and dropped.

4 Pearce stood up heroically, and a smile of confidence was seen upon his gallant brow; several good blows given and well stopped; but Gulley fell.

5. The Chicken put in a tremendous blow in the neck, and levelled his opponent.

6. Pearce made play right and left—planted good hits, and brought his man down again. The Chicken ten to two.

7. Pearce, immediately on his opponent's facing him, knocked him down.

8. Considerable science displayed on both sides; the Chicken put in a blow, but Gulley, in the most finished style, stopped it, when they closed and fell.

9. The Chicken, rather touched, went in and levelled Gulley, and smiled at his success.

10. Gulley rose in good spirits, and made a hit at his adversary; but Pearce neatly warded off its effects, and with a tremendous thump upon the breast brought Gulley down.

11. Gulley, full of gaiety, made an excellent hit; but the round finished in favor of the Chicken, who completely knocked Gulley off his legs.

12. Gulley put in a most tremendous blow on the mouth of the Chicken, which he sharply returned; and in closing they fell.

13. Gulley distinguished himself in this round for most excellent courage and science; and put in some good blows, but fell from their force.

14. Gulley rose quickly, and met his man; but Pearce immediately levelled him.

15. The Chicken made a good hit, which Gulley returned in good style. Gulley made another blow, but fell.

16. Rather shyness upon the part of Gulley, who fell without a blow.

17. The amateurs were uncommonly interested by the reciprocal manliness displayed in this round—and it was the general opinion that a better one was never contested by any pugilists; it was, most certainly, the best-fought round in the battle. Pearce, full of gaiety and confidence, nobly opposed his adversary; while Gulley, with an equal degree of valor and firmness, rallied, and made several excellent hits, which were instantly returned by Pearce. Gulley put in two severe hits on the Chicken's eye. Gulley reduced the odds considerably—six to four on the Chicken.

18. Torrents of blood flowing from Pearce—no fighting—and Gulley slipped in making play.

19. Gulley, full of spirit, rallied; which the Chicken quickly returned—several good blows were exchanged, when they closed and fell

20. One of the Chicken's eyes so much swelled that he could scarcely see out of it; and the blood flowing from him copiously; his appearance shy and retreating, which Gulley improving upon, followed the Chicken round the ring, several blows exchanged, when they closed and fell.

21. The Chicken particularly cautious of his adversary; when Gulley in making a hit, fell.

22. Several sharp blows upon both sides, when Gulley fell, and, while in the act of falling, the Chicken put in a desperate blow on the side of Gulley's head, which made him vomit considerably.

24 The Chicken in making a hit lost his distance, when Gulley returned a severe blow over Pearce's right eye, and fell upon his knees; the Chicken, in giving the return quickly, struck Gulley in that situation. Trifling cries of "foul!" but not considered of consequence enough to impede the fight.

25. The Chicken not so confident as heretofore, when Gulley, with determined resolution, followed him over the ring—good blows given and returned. Gulley once more fell.

29. The Chicken improving every round.

30. Gulley made a tremendous hit, and fell. The Chicken, much irritated at this conduct, stood over him with an indignant countenance.

31. Several feints made, each trying for the advantage, when the Chicken, in putting in a blow, lost his distance. Gulley, with great agility, struck over his guard, and nearly closed his right eye.

33 Pearce on the look out, acting on the defensive; when Gulley, in the most manly manner, followed him round the ring, but in the event received a terrible blow in the throat, the severity of which brought him down.

36. Gulley now betrayed symptoms of weakness, but endeavored to put in a blow at the Chicken's head, which he parried, and returned a slight hit. Gulley, not dismayed, made a severe blow, which the Chicken caught with his left, and knocked down his adversary with his right hand.

37 to 43. In the last six rounds the Chicken displayed a manifest superiority; their figures were bloody in the extreme; but Gulley was literally covered from the torrents which flowed down from his ear, and who now began to appear somewhat shy—his head was truly terrific, and had a giant-like appearance, from being so terribly swelled, and the effect was most singular, for scarcely could his eyes be seen.

44. The Chicken, with considerable science and force, planted his favorite hit in Gulley's throat, when he fell like a log of wood. The fortitude which Gulley had displayed in this most trying conflict had raised him considerably, not only in the estimation of his friends, but the sporting men in general. He had been so severely punished, that he was not able to face his man with his former resolution and propriety—his brave heart was reluctant to acknowledge superiority, and he endeavored now and then to put in a hit, and failing, until the

59. When his friends interfered, and positively insisted that he should fight no longer, as the chance was against him; and at length he complied with their request—by surrendering victory to the Game Chicken. The contest lasted one hour and ten minutes!

TO BE CONTINUED.

ONE OF THE BELLES.—At a ball in Baltimore, a gentleman, having danced with a young lady whose attractions, both personal and conversational, seemed to have made an impression on his sensibilities, asked to have the pleasure of seeing her on the following evening.

"Why, no, sir," replied the fair one, "I shall be engaged to-morrow evening; but I'll tell you when you can see me."

"I shall be most happy," exclaimed the stricken swain.

"Well, on Saturday night," resumed the lady, "you can see me at the foot of Walnut street wharf, selling clams."

STOCK IN THE UNITED STATES.—A correspondent of the National Intelligencer estimates the live stock in the Union, as follows:

Cattle of all kinds	$18 378 907
Horses and mules	4,896 060
Sheep	21,722,220
Swine	30,334,213
Total value	$655,883,658

A LOST MAN.

HOOSIER, *to Old Gentleman*—"Far well, *stranger!* You can't play Poker, and don't know nuthin about Euchre, and are going to Texas! The Lord have mercy on you!"

BIG BRINDLE.

IN Nashville, many years ago, there resided a gentleman of great hospitality, large fortune, and though uneducated, possessed of hard knot sense. Colonel W. had been elected to the Legislature, and had also been Judge of the County Court. His elevation, however, had made him somewhat pompous, and he became very loud in using big words. On his farm he had a large, mischievous ox, called "Big Brindle," which frequently broke down his neighbor's fences, and committed other depredations, much to the Colonel's annoyance. One morning, after breakfast, in presence of some gentlemen who had staid with him over night, and who were now on their way to town, he called his overseer and said to him:

"Mr. Allen, I desire you to impound 'Big Brindle,' in order that I may hear no more animadversion of his eternal depredations."

Allen bowed and walked off, sorely puzzled to know what the Colonel meant. So after Colonel W. left for town, he went to his wife and asked her what Colonel W. meant by telling him to "impound" the ox?

"Why," said she, "the Colonel means to tell you to put him in a pen."

Allen left to perform the feat, for it was no inconsiderable one, as the animal was very wild and vicious, and, after a great deal of trouble and vexation, he succeeded.

"Well," said he, wiping the perspiration from his brow and soliloquizing, "this is impounding, is it? Now I'm dead sure the old Colonel will ask me if I impounded 'Big Brindle,' and I'll bet I'll puzzle him as bad as he did me."

The next day the Colonel gave a dinner party, and as he was not aristocratic, Allen, the overseer, sat down with the company. After the second or third glass was discussed the Colonel turned to the overseer, and said:

"Eh, Mr. Allen, did you impound 'Big Brindle,' sir?"

Allen straightened himself up, and looking around on the company, said:

"Yes, I did, but old 'Brindle' transcended the impanel of the impound, and scatterlophisticated all over the equanimity of the forest."

The company burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, while the Colonel's face reddened with discomfiture.

"What do you mean by that, sir?" said he.

"Why, I mean, Colonel," said Allen, "that old 'Brindle,' being prognosticated with an idea of the cholery, ripped and tared, snorted and pawed dirt, jumped the fence, tuck to the woods, and would not be impounded no how."

This was too much; the company roared again, in which the Colonel was forced to join, and in the midst of the laughter, Allen left the table, saying to himself as he went:

"I reckon the Colonel won't ask me to impound any more cattle."

ALICK WATSON "SKEERED."

IN the Borough of H——, in the State of Missouri, some years since, Pool was prosecuting-attorney, and Jake Wentz court-crier. The former was a fellow of "infinite jest;" the latter a thick-set, moon-faced Dutchman, who held his head a-one-side, but had a voice that rang through the court-house, to be heard a square off. Alexander Watson, one of the best hearted men alive, but modest to a fault, was one day in the midst of a large audience in the court-room, listlessly looking on. Now Pool and Watson belonged to the same volunteer corps—"the Guards"—and were fast friends. A liberty may be taken with one's friend; so, in a pause of the buzz, while the Judge was arranging some instructions to the jury, Pool, in a quiet tone, said to Wentz, (pearched, as usual, in his box,)

"Crier, call Alexander Watson."

Jake raised himself, his eyes turned toward the ceiling, his chin drawn down to his left shoulder, and sang out,

"Alexander Watson! Alexander Watson!! Alexander Watson!!!"

Black dismay was in the countenance of the party thus unexpectedly summoned; his portly form soon made way through the crowd; and, blushing scarlet, he leaned toward the attorney to know his wishes. Pool's serious face was inclined forward.

"Alick," said he, in a whisper, "I want you to tell the truth."

"Well—yes—you know I will."

"Then tell me, Alick, have you now any tobacco about you?"

"Why, yes—I have," began the surprised citizen.

"Then give me a chew," said the attorney, at the same time giving Wentz the sign to dismiss a witness.

"Alexander Watson, you are discharged the court!" roared the crier. And, long after, much of the fun in the borough arose out of Alick Watson's surprise, and Pool's novel mode of raising tobacco while engaged in a case.

POOR JERSEY.

A NEW JERSEY JUSTICE OF THE PEACE was traveling with a friend in the Western part of Ohio, and finally came into quite an unsettled region. Late in the day the two travelers reached a cabin, where they asked for supper and lodgings. The old man was away, and the old woman promptly refused, but the grown-up daughter put in a good word for the good-looking men, and her mother finally consented. After supper, as they were all sitting by the fire, the old woman began to talk:

"I s'pose, strangers, you're from Connekticut, or some such Yankee place?"

"Oh, no, ma'am," said the Justice, "we are not Yankees, by any means."

"Well, where did you come from, then?"

"We are from New Jersey, madam"

"Oh, goody Laudy!" said the old woman, "*worse yet!*"

MY LOVE HE IS A SAILEUR.

Oh, my love he is a Saileur, so gal-li-ent and bold;
He is straight as any flag staff, only nineteen year old;
For to cruize the wide o-shi-en he's left his own dear,
And my heart it is-a bust-i-en because he isn't here.

His pa-ri-ents they bound him, all for to be a carpenter,
But a sea-faring life he did very much prefer;
For his spirit was tremendnous and fierce to behold,
For a young man bred a carpenter, only nineteen year old.

Oh, my bosom it is tos-ti-ed, just like the raging sea,
For fear that his affec-shi-uns don't still pint to me;
For a loveyer he can get in each port, I am told,
Especially for a young man only nineteen year old.

And if my dear hus-bi-end he never will be,
But lay a cold corpus in the bottom of the sea,
Oh, the weeds of a widow, so frightful to behold,
I would wear for my Saileur boy, only nineteen year old.

And it's oh for my loveyer I grieve and repine,
For fear that this young man will never be mine;
All the wealth of the In-di-es, in silv-y-er and gold,
I'd give for my Saileur boy, only nineteen year old.

BILL GULL IN A TIGHT PLACE;
AND HOW HE GOT OUT OF THE DILEMMA.

"I GOT married when I was twenty," said Bill Gull one day, "I got married to Phebe Chalk, and all these young Gull's that you see running 'round here, came from my lump of Chalk—by gull."

Bill Gull always swore by gull. It was his only oath. She was a lump of chalk as large one way as she was the other. Bill Gull was always a backward bashful youth, and some surprise was expressed that he ever got married at all.

"By gull," said he, "my grandmother's ghost did the job."

"Ghost—job—how's that?"

"I'll tell you about it. You see I was about as green as a spring gosling, and I thought Phebe was too. By gull she wasn't though—but she knew I was. We had a sneakin' notion of each other for about two years, but it would not have come to anything if it hadn't been for the ghost. I was too bashful in the way of making love. I couldn't say as much as boo to a goose. And Phebe was just as bashful, that is, I thought so, but she wasn't though, by a long shot. One night, about a half an hour after I had gone to bed, as I lay thinking of Phebe—for I had been sitting up with her till rather a late hour, as usual, without bringing anything to pass—the door of the room opened slowly and in walked a ghostly spectre. The moon was shining full in at my window, and I could not be mistaken. It was all in white—I rose up in my bed; while my teeth chattered, and the perspiration ran off in streams. It came almost to my bedside, and pointing a long bony finger at me, that went through me like a red hot iron. I tried to speak, but 'twas no go. At last a husky voice said:

"Bill Gull, I am the ghost of your grandmother. You must marry Phebe Chalk right away. You have fooled your time long enough. Pop the question before to-morrow night; for I will appear again—do it, Bill Gull!"

"The old lady disappeared so quick, that I couldn't tell where she went to. I didn't sleep a wink that night. The sensations that kept crawling over me were awful. I thought I felt my hair turn grey—my teeth falling out, my legs and arms dropping off, and all kinds of queer feelings. It was the longest night that I ever experienced. Morning came at last. I met Phebe in the dining room, while she was preparing for breakfast, she had been our housekeeper ever since my grandmother died—three years. My mother djed the year before."

"Why, Bill, what's the matter with you?" said Phebe.

"I feel pale," said I.

"You look pale," said she.

"Such a night," said I.

"What was the matter, Bill?"

"My grandmother's ghost."

"You don't say so!"

"Yes, and she said that—"

"What, Bill?"

"That I must marry you."

"What else, Bill?"

"That I must pop the question to-day, or she would come again to-night."

"Bill, take my advice—pop the question and let the old lady rest in peace."

"I do," said I.

"Well, Bill, I'll have you just to keep the old lady quiet, provided, Bill—that you won't ask me to—to—to—sleep with you."

"I promised—for my grandmother's sake."

"After breakfast, Phebe spoke to the old gentleman about it. He said it was all right, go ahead. Well we went ahead. At least Phebe did. In three weeks Phebe Chalk became Mrs. Gull."

"She gulled you completely."

"Yes, I found that out, and I'll tell you how. On the night of our marriage, she went off to her room, and I went to mine, it was according to agreement, but some how or other I couldn't help thinking that it wasn't right, the more I thought of it the more it seemed not just the chalk."

"I reflected upon it for hours, and more than once I invoked my grandmother's ghost to appear to Phebe and soften her heart towards me. Finally, as the old lady's ghost seemed to take no further interest in our affairs, I concluded to be ghost myself. Not without a great deal of trepidation, however—I have often wondered at my temerity—for there was a total lack of courage, I walked into Phebe's room, and stood by her bedside."

"Good Lord!" said she.

"Phebe Chalk," said I.

"I ain't Phebe Chalk," said she, "I'm married, and my name is Phebe Gull. Who are you?"

"I am your grandmother-in-law, and I have come to tell you that it ain't good for a man to be alone, especially if he has a wife."

"Well, grandmother, that's just what I have been thinking, ever since I came to bed. It's a very cold night grandmother, and you must be very cold, too—won't you get into bed and warm yourself?"

"By gull! I had a great mind to, but I was afraid."

"No," said I, "I must go back to the grave yard. Remember, that Bill, your husband, is shivering with cold alone by himself."

"Well grandmother, hadn't you better go and keep Bill warm?"

"No, do it yourself, or I shall appear again—*remember*."

"I growled out the remember with a fearful emphasis, but do you think she was frightened? Not a bit of it. She burst out laughing with all her might, and kept it up for ever so long, while I stood shivering and shaking like a pauper in an ague fit."

"Now, Bill, said she, as soon as she stopped laughing, don't you think I know you?"

"How do you know me?"

"Well enough—besides there ain't no such things as ghosts."

"Yes there is though. Didn't my grandmother's ghost tell me to marry you?"

"Bill that was me!"

"You! by gull!"

"Yes, Bill, that was me."

"Well, Phebe?"

"How stupid you are, to stand there shaking half frozen."

"Well, Bill, go on with your story."

"By gull! I have nothing more to say."

A POOR Irishman offered an old saucepan for sale. His children gathered around him and inquired why he parted with it. "Ah, my honies," answered he, "I would not be after parting with it but for a little money to buy something to put in it."